DR JEKYLL & MS HYDE

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The Jekyll Company

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FADE IN:

ON A GRAINY TV PICTURE

of some old black and white horror movie which as we pull slowly back, gradually reveals itself as "Abbott and Costello Meet Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde".

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The light from the tv flickers out into the darkened room, and over the figure of SARAH CARTER, a very attractive young woman in her late twenties, lying asleep in the double bed, her work still spread across the covers. Slowly we slide back towards the tv as

ON THE SCREEN

Dr Jekyll begins to turn into the monster and Lou begins to SCREAM. As he does, Sarah wakes and peers about...

SARAH
Richard...?

She gets out of bed and crosses stiffly to the door.

SARAH
Richard?

INT. LIVING ROOM -- SAME

Sarah walks in to find her boyfriend, RICHARD JACKS, still hard at work on the chaos of CHEMICAL APPARATUS spread across every available surface in the living room, test tubes, bunsen burners, complex coils of glass tubing leading to scores of jars and pipettes through which a variety of different colored fluids are bubbling.

SARAH
Richard, it's four o'clock in the morning. You've got to come to bed.

Richard glances excitedly across at her in his jockey shorts, Hawaiian shirt and Bulls cap. Somewhere in the background he's got a RAY CHARLES album on.

RICHARD
I just need a couple more minutes to synthesize these compounds, sweetheart. Hand me that petri dish, would you?

Sleepily Sarah hands him the dish and Richard carefully scrapes some of the powder into one of the pipettes. The liquids immediately start bubbling more energetically.

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RICHARD
Okay. Pray for me, baby...if this litmus paper turns blue, prozac's gonna look like just another aspirin.

He takes a piece of litmus paper and dips it into the tube.

SARAH
Richard, please...

Richard just hands her a can of Dr Peppers.

RICHARD
Get ready to toast the discovery of the greatest anti-depressant drug the medical world has ever seen.

CLOSE UP -- THE LITMUS PAPER

as it turns red.

ANGLE -- RICHARD

unable to take it in.

RICHARD
(disbelieving)
That's impossible.

SARAH
I can't go on like this, Richard.

RICHARD
It's a false reading -- I know this compound works.

He starts jamming in more pieces of litmus paper.

SARAH
I want my living room back. I want <u>you</u> back.

The tube is now a mass of red litmus paper.

RICHARD
This can't be happening! I did everything right! It must turn blue!

SARAH
If you don't stop now you're going to have another stress attack.

As she says it Richard suddenly clutches his chest, his breathing immediately beginning to rasp.

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RICHARD
Oh my God...

EXT. BALCONY -- MINUTES LATER

The lights of the city are spread out below them, stretching for miles in every direction as Richard finishes throwing up into a bucket. Sarah sits beside him, mopping his brow.

SARAH
Feel better now?

RICHARD
I feel like shit, Sarah.

SARAH
Well, if it's any comfort, you look like shit too.

Richard glances at her. A beat.

RICHARD
I'm a total failure.

SARAH
You're not a total failure.

RICHARD
I've been working on this formula for five and a half years. I've got nowhere. I'm a total failure.

SARAH
If you were a total failure why is a talented, successful, highly attractive woman like me completely, head over heels, in love with you?

Richard looks gloomily back at her.

RICHARD
(beat)
Because I'm hung like an elephant.

Sarah laughs flicking him with the towel.

RICHARD
I'm serious though, Sarah. Whatever happened to me? I graduated first in my class from Harvard, I was the youngest chemist ever employed by Johnson and Johnson, I was headhunted for six figures by Bristol-Meyers...now look at me.

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SARAH
You want the truth? You were a pain in the ass till they fired you.

Richard stares at her.

RICHARD
I thought I was still a pain in the ass.

SARAH
You're a pain in the neck now, that's different.

RICHARD
But I'm working for a perfume company for crissakes, Sarah...I make smells for a living.

SARAH
It's a start...

Richard gets up, staring around at the view.

RICHARD
It's the fucking end, is what it is. My life's work has come down to snatched hours in a lab reeking of cheap scent, and endless nights in your frigging living room.

He stamps bad-temperedly back into the apartment.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- SAME

Sarah walks in after him, irritated now.

SARAH
I'll tell you what the end is, Richard -- this crazy formula is the end.

Richard is once again leafing through his scribbled notes.

SARAH
Are you listening to me?

RICHARD
Hydrogen Peroxide...

SARAH
What?

RICHARD
Maybe that's the problem! Too much hydrogen peroxide!

This is the final straw for Sarah.

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SARAH
It's never going to work, Richard! It cost you your job, it's half way to costing you your health, and if you can't find a way of forgetting about it for awhile, it's going to cost you me as well!

She stares back at him for a moment then spins round and marches out of the room, SLAMMING the door behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE 'OMAGE' BUILDING -- DAY

Adjusting his tie, Richard hurries towards the entrance. In the windows of the magnificent building stand two HUGE PERFUME BOTTLES, plus accompanying advertising posters: "Nihiliste -- Nothing Comes Close", and "Enigma -- God Only Knows". Each bottle bears the 'Omage" logo.

INT. RECEPTION AREA -- SAME

As the elevator arrives and the doors swing open Richard is stopped in his tracks by the figure of PETE WALKER, another company chemist, locked in a passionate embrace with a PNEUMATIC YOUNG WOMAN. She immediately breaks off, wriggling her skirt down and buttoning her blouse as she steps out of the car.

Richard steps in and the doors close.

INT. ELEVATOR

Richard glances at Pete.

RICHARD
How do you do it, Walker? It's not even nine fifteen and your hormones are already out of control.

PETE
Women throw themselves at me. What am I supposed to do?

He chuckles, very pleased with himself.

PETE
So how are you coming with the scent of the nineties, Dickie? Lot riding on it's what I hear.

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RICHARD
My name is Richard, and if anyone here can tell me what the hell the scent of the nineties is I'd like to hear about it. Dubois is all over me and all I can come up with is "Foreclosure -- for the man who has everything".

PETE
(grins)
You know something, Jacks, you really don't handle stress at all well.
(looks closer)
To be honest with you, you look like shit too.

RICHARD
What kind of person kicks off the morning with a comment like that?

The elevator arrives and the doors swing open.

PETE
A concerned person, Richard.

RICHARD
My dick in your ear, Pete.

INT. LAB AREA

Pete follows Richard across the cool steel and white walls of the laboratory towards the line of offices on the far side.

Richard stops by his secretary, VALERIE, who glares up at him, immediately establishing herself as a difficult woman.

VALERIE
What now?

RICHARD
(very polite)
Nothing, Valerie, I just need to know whether you had a chance to type up that report I needed, on the shower gel fragrances.

VALERIE
You think I live here, Dr Jacks?

RICHARD
It's been a week, Valerie, I just really need the report.

VALERIE
You think I don't have a life outside of this office?

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RICHARD
If I could just have it by lunch time.

VALERIE
Don't you raise your voice to me.

RICHARD
(immediately raising his voice)
I am not raising my voice! I just really need this report, Valerie! Now!

He slams his hand down on her desk, accidentally knocking her plastic cup of coffee onto her dress. Valerie stares up at him.

VALERIE
Now look what you've done! This dress was an anniversary present from my husband! I hate you, Richard!

With that she gets up and storms away in tears. Richard sighs, steps into his office.

RICHARD'S POV -- HIS OFFICE IS AN UNBELIEVABLE MESS

He steps back into the doorway and yells across the lab.

RICHARD
Walker! You had sex in my office! Again!

Pete shakes his head.

PETE
You really wanna loosen up, Dickie, you know? Maybe you oughtta consider having sex with someone yourself sometime.

RICHARD
I have plenty of sex, thank you very much!

PETE
Not what Sarah says.

Richard stares at him.

RICHARD
What the hell is that supposed to mean?

PETE
(glances at his watch)
Listen, I'd love to stay and chat, but you've really gotta run.

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RICHARD
What?

PETE
Dubois's client meeting, you're already ten minutes late.

RICHARD
Oh my God...

CUT TO:

INT. BOARDROOM -- DAY

CAMERA PANS along a line of suited EXECUTIVES, headed by a powerful elder woman, MRS UNTERVELDT, a line of perfume vials in front of her.

Opposite sit DUBOIS, the head chemist, all flamboyant Eurotrash fashion and accent, and MINSK, the CEO: cold, corporate and, as he watches Mrs Unterveldt sniff the final vial, very nervous.

Suddenly the door opens and Richard hurries in. Dubois goes across to him.

DUBOIS
(hisses)
Where the hell have you been?

RICHARD
I'm sorry...the traffic...

MINSK
Ah, Mrs Unterveldt, I'd like to introduce Dr Richard Jacks, the young chemist we've had working on your fragrance under Dr Dubois here.

RICHARD
Pleased to meet you.

Mrs Unterveldt doesn't reply, just sniffs the final vial.

RICHARD
So what do you think? Pretty exciting stuff, huh?

MRS UNTERVELDT
(beat)
I asked for a perfume. What you've given me is a dog turd.

Minsk looks worried, whispers anxiously to Dubois.

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MINSK
Is there any dog turd in it?

DUBOIS
Mrs Unterveldt, if I might just...

MRS UNTERVELDT
(to Minsk)
If I have to listen to another word from that brown-nosing excuse for a man I'm going to throw up on you, is that clear?

MINSK
Shut it, Dubois.

MRS UNTERVELDT
(to Richard)
You think this is funny?

RICHARD
Of course not.

MRS UNTERVELDT
Then why aren't you begging for your job?

RICHARD
Mrs Unterveldt, you asked for something unique, something that didn't smell like any other perfume on the market...

MRS UNTERVELDT
And what I get for a million dollars worth of R and D is something smells like you've held a flask over the bubbles my husband farts through his bath water!

An OLDER MAN among the line of executives shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

RICHARD
What you have in your hand is the result of a painstaking search for a fragrance that is radically different...we conducted an exhaustive survey to come up with this country's favourite smells -- hot apple pie, egg mcmuffins, fresh, clean sheets, soap and hot water...we distilled the top seventeen of those smells into a fragrant solution that statistically-speaking will attract more men than any other scent known to man.
(with a flourish)
That, Mrs Unterveldt, is the closest thing modern science has ever come to Love Potion Number Nine.

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MRS UNTERVELDT
(shouting now)
But men don't buy our perfume, you idiot! Women do! And women want something that smells nice!

RICHARD
If you'd just take a moment to look at the research you'd see...

MRS UNTERVELDT
You can take your research and shove it up your ass, Jacks!
(to Minsk)
And if I were you I'd get a woman on this job, Minsk, or at least a man with half a brain.
(to her executives)
Let's get out of here.

CUT TO:

INT. DUBOIS'S OFFICE -- LATER

Sweeping views out over the city through every window as Dubois paces angrily up and down.

DUBOIS
It's a frigging disaster! Minsk is all over my ass about the share price, and the importance of this contract, and what do you come up with?!

RICHARD
Wait a minute, Yves, you approved that test sample. You liked it.

DUBOIS
It's Dr Dubois to you, Jacks, and that sample has your name on it, not mine. Now are you going to be able to come up with something new by the end of next week, or do I just fire you now?

Richard takes a deep breath.

RICHARD
I'll come up with something, just...relax a little. I've got a new assistant starting Monday, I'll have something for you to look at by the weekend.

CUT TO:

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INT. FOCUS GROUP SESSION -- LATER

Richard and Pete are sitting watching a group of WOMEN ranging from 25-40 sniffing unlabelled scent bottles.

HOUSEWIFE
Smells like something my husband wears.

RICHARD
(encouraging)
Good, okay...an after shave? An eau de cologne perhaps?

HOUSEWIFE
No - his socks.

As the rest of the group GIGGLE, Richard sighs and turns to the blackboard on which is written a series of words -- Fresh, Summery, Floral, Romantic, Occasion.

RICHARD
Maybe we should try and focus a little more here -- which of these words would you say most summed up this perfume?

The group stare blankly back at him.

Richard glances anxiously through the glass -- ON THE FAR SIDE in a small VIEWING ROOM, Minsk shakes his head and walks out.

RICHARD
(struggling)
Summery, maybe? A breeze wafting through meadows of wild flowers? Fields, perhaps, fields of daisies...

"VEGAS" WOMAN
Okay, yeah, fields, I can see fields.

RICHARD
That's great, what kind of fields?

"VEGAS" WOMAN
W.C. Fields.

In the VIEWING ROOM Dubois now shakes his head and walks out.

RICHARD
This is hopeless.

PETE
Let me handle her, okay -- I know what makes her tick.

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Richard stares at him.

RICHARD
Tell me you're not having sex with my focus groups now.

PETE
(to the woman)
What you mean by W.C.Fields is witty, right? Dry?

"VEGAS" WOMAN
No. What I mean is -- dead for fifty years.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY

The skeleton of a HUGE OFFICE BUILDING towers up into the afternoon sky.

ANGLE -- SARAH

a hard hat on, poring over a series of architectural plans with some of the contractors. She looks up as RICHARD steps onto the site, then walks across.

SARAH
How'd the meeting go?

RICHARD
Don't ask.

SARAH
She didn't like it?

RICHARD
She hated it.

SARAH
I'm sorry, Richard.

Richard looks at her for a moment.

RICHARD
No, I'm sorry. About last night. I know I've been difficult to be around the last few weeks and I just...

He takes her hand.

RICHARD
Well, I just don't want you to think I ever take you for granted.

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Sarah looks back at him. We can see she really loves this man. Slowly she leans across and kisses him.

SARAH
Listen. About your job, Richard. If you hate it this much why don't you just pack it in, concentrate on your research during the day, and give us a life together in the evenings?

Richard shakes his head.

RICHARD
We already tried that. You paid all the bills for the year I was out of work and I'm not letting that happen again. I'm going to keep my crummy job, I'm going to crack my crummy formula, and then I'm going to look after you for the rest of your life.

He pulls her closer.

RICHARD
Now what do you say we sneak off somewhere quiet for the rest of your lunchbreak -- and promise me you'll keep your hard hat and boots on.

Sarah pulls away.

SARAH
Richard, no...

He pulls her close again, tries to kiss her but she pulls back once more.

SARAH
I said no.

Richard stares at her.

RICHARD
What is it?

SARAH
This is important, Richard. I want you to understand...I don't want to be looked after by you for the rest of my life. I don't need to be looked after by you for the rest of my life. I just want to be happy with you -- and I don't feel happy the way things are anymore.

Richard sighs, looks away.

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RICHARD
This is all going wrong. I didn't come out here to have a fight with you.

SARAH
Why do you call every discussion we have where I don't agree with you, a fight?

RICHARD
Let's just...talk about it later, okay?

SARAH
(sighs)
Later. Fine.

He takes her hand. A beat.

RICHARD
I love you.

Sarah looks back at him for a moment, finally nods, accepting. Richard turns to go.

SARAH
Oh, I almost forgot. Your brother called this morning.

RICHARD
Larry? That's all I need.

SARAH
He said your Great Uncle Frank had died.

RICHARD
I didn't even know I had a Great Uncle Frank.

SARAH
Well, apparently the funeral's this weekend. In Wisconsin. The whole family's going to be there and they wanted to know if you're going to be too.

RICHARD
Wisconsin? I haven't got time to drive halfway across the country for some guy I never even heard of.

SARAH
Well, I just said I'd pass the message on. Apparently he left you something in his will.

Richard snaps round again.

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RICHARD
On the other hand Wisconsin isn't really that far...and we could make a weekend of it, stay somewhere quiet, out in the country?

As Sarah shakes her head, we...

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRY LAWYER'S OFFICE -- WISCONSIN -- DAY

Richard's entire family, many of them very crusty and old, are gathered in the wood-lined office. Sarah glances across at Richard, stuck in conversation with TWO ANCIENT RELATIVES.

LARRY (OS)
Sarah, it's been ages, how are you?

She turns to find Richard's brother LARRY, good-looking in an oily kind of way, grinning down at her.

SARAH
I'm fine, Larry, how are you?

LARRY
Great, great but you...you look fantastic -- still building buildings?

SARAH
Designing buildings. You still selling used cars?

LARRY
No, I'm a Jungian psychotherapist now.

Sarah stares at him for a moment.

SARAH
Wow. That's some career change.

LARRY
Change is the stuff of life I always say, speaking of which I'm going to be moving to the city next week. We really must get together, you know, see some more of each other.

The ardor of Larry's flirting is beginning to turn Sarah off.

SARAH
Well, that'd be great. Richard and I would love that...

She glances up, relieved, as Richard walks back to her.

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SARAH
Wouldn't we, darling?

RICHARD
Oh yeah. Just great, Lar.

There's no love lost between these brothers.

LARRY
Well, I'll...give you a call.

With a last, lingering look at Sarah, Larry disappears back into the crowd.

RICHARD
Was he trying to hit on you?

SARAH
He was just being polite.

RICHARD
He was just trying to get you into bed. Like always.

The ruddy-faced LAWYER at the front of the room CLEARS his throat.

LAWYER
Ladies and gentlemen, if I could have your attention, please, I have here the final will and testament of Frank Arthur Anthony Thomas Jacks. I know he was something of a recluse and many of you knew little or nothing about him but I can now reveal that on the day of his death his estate was worth a little over fourteen million dollars.

Richard stares at Sarah as a MURMUR goes round the room.

LAWYER
If I may, I'll start to read.
(clears his throat again)
"To my niece, Katherine...

ANGLE -- A SWEET OLD LADY

sitting near the front.

LAWYER
"...I leave my ranch, three thousand head of cattle, the Ford pick-up, and two hundred and seventy-thousand dollars cash.

Richard goes bug-eyed.

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LAWYER
"To my nephew, Robert Paul, I leave the Milwaukee townhouse, the Ferrari, the chalet in Gstaad and three hundred thousand dollars in cash"

Richard is overwhelmed.

RICHARD
(to Sarah)
We're gonna be rich...

LAWYER
To my grand-daughter, Annette, I leave the yacht in Newport...

And as the lawyer continues to read we slide slowly across and up to the LARGE CLOCK on the wall, the hands at ten minutes to the hour.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SAME CLOCK

now showing fifteen minutes past, as we slide slowly back to the lawyer, still reading.

LAWYER
"To my great nephew Larry, I leave the summerhouse on Martha's Vineyard...

Richard stares at Larry, his face engulfed by a vast, stupid grin.

LAWYER
...the condo in St Bart's, and two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in cash."

Larry WHIMPERS with delight.

LAWYER
"And finally, to my other great nephew, Richard...

Richard squeezes Sarah's hand as he stares at the lawyer.

LAWYER
...I leave my grandfather's scientific notebooks."

Richard keeps staring at the man, waiting for the next line.

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LAWYER
Well, that concludes the will reading, the trustees are Mr John Irvine of the...

RICHARD
Wait a minute, that's it?!

Everyone falls silent, turns and stares.

RICHARD
Scientific notebooks, that's it!?

LAWYER
That's correct, sir, your Aunt Agatha will be responsible for...

RICHARD
But everybody else got houses, cars, yachts, millions of dollar in cash...!

SARAH
Richard, will you please sit down.

RICHARD
What did I do?!

LARRY
You suddenly look a little pale, Richard.

RICHARD
Pale!? I don't look pale, you idiot, I look poor!

SARAH
He's going to have another stress attack.

RICHARD
I am not going to have another stress attack!

As he says it he clutches his chest and keels over backwards.

CUT TO:

EXT. PICKET FENCE COTTAGE -- DAY

On the lawn a BAGPIPER is murdering the funeral march. BLACK CLAD guests are milling about on the lawn, looking rather drunk.

INT. COTTAGE ATTIC -- SAME

Richard's elderly AUNT AGATHA is working her way through a mass of BIZARRE ANTIQUES. She stops for a moment and looks up.

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AGATHA
You know, Richard, you've put on a lot of weight. Drinking, no doubt, worrying about work.

RICHARD (OS)
I'm over here, Aunt Agatha.

As we PULL BACK we see Aunt Agatha has been talking to a huge stuffed BEAR.

AGATHA
Of course you are, sweetheart. Feeling a little better now?

RICHARD
A little, thank you.

She starts looking through an old trunk full of papers, pictures, ancient LAB EQUIPMENT, strange JARRED SPECIMENS preserved in formaldehyde.

AGATHA
I know those notebooks are up here somewhere...

Richard pulls an ancient BOOK from the same trunk, blows off the dust.

RICHARD
This is a signed first edition.

AGATHA
What, dear?

RICHARD
Of "Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde". It's been signed by Robert Louis Stevenson.

AGATHA
Oh yes, they were very close friends Robert Louis and your great grandfather -- students together in Edinburgh, I believe.

An old SEPIA PHOTOGRAPH slips out of the book. Richard peers at the strangely blurred snap of a squat, hairy, brutal-looking MAN.

RICHARD
Who's this?

Agatha snatches back the picture.

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AGATHA
Er, he was a...drinking friend of your great grandfather's.

RICHARD
He looks like the missing link.

AGATHA
There's a lot of people in Glasgow look like that, dear. Here...

She hands him a small DOCUMENT CASE labeled "Experimental Log".

AGATHA
Now, Richard, your Great Uncle was a strange man...I don't know why he wanted you to have these books, I always said they should have been burned a long time ago.

She leans forward, grips his arm.

AGATHA
But I want you to promise me that no matter what else you do, you never, ever dabble with your great grandfather's work.

Richard stares back at her.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY HOTEL -- NIGHT

It's a romantic, timber-framed hideaway, deep in the Wisconsin countryside.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM -- SAME

ON THE TV there's another black and white HORROR MOVIE playing, this time the classic 1931 "Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde". As Frederic March begins his horrific transformation we pull back to find

RICHARD

lying in bed, poring over the notebooks, page after page of complex scientific formulae in Victorian handwriting.

SARAH (OS)
(from the bedroom)
This hotel was such a romantic idea, Richard, and I know you were disappointed this afternoon...

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Richard doesn't even hear her.

RICHARD
(reading)
Knowing that all humankind comprises an evil side and a good side, I believe I can remove the chemical base to man's hostile nature...

SARAH (OS)
So I thought I'd do something to cheer you up.

Suddenly Sarah steps into the bedroom. She's looking ravishing in a full set of expensive BLACK LACE UNDERWEAR.

Richard doesn't notice.

SARAH
Richard?

RICHARD
Sweetheart, great grandfather was a genius, listen to this...

Sarah stares back at him.

RICHARD
..."I believe I can remove the chemical base to man's hostile nature, enhancing our gentler, kinder side...no more crime. No more war. No more evil"

Sarah can't believe it. She just stares back at him for a moment longer then turns on her heels and marches back into the bathroom, SLAMMING the door behind her.

RICHARD
(calling out to her, oblivious)
This isn't a million miles from what I've been trying to do, honey! This could be the break I've been waiting for all along!

He picks up the notebooks and kisses them passionately.

CUT TO:

INT. OMAGE LABORATORIES -- NIGHT

The building is deserted now, the only light coming from Richard's office.

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INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE

Richard is surrounded by the notebooks, poring over them.

ON THE PC

graphics of male chromosome chains cover the screen. Each pair is labeled XY and is colored blue.

Richard stops, stares at the screen, then begins talking into a mini tape recorder.

RICHARD
Decades before it was officially discovered, my great grandfather knew that the healthy male was comprised simply of XY chromosomes...

He presses a key -- the graphics now show a chain of chromosome pairs labeled XX and colored pink, with the title, 'human female chromosomes'.

RICHARD
He'd also worked out that the healthy female chromosome was always XX.

He presses another key. The graphics now show a chromosome chain which is a chaotic mix of XX and XY pairs.

RICHARD
But the greatest breakthrough of all, was his discovery of the unstable gene...the biological source of all human evil.

CLOSE ON -- RICHARD'S FACE

as the graphics on the screen REFLECT in his eyes.

RICHARD
And with this formula...

He taps a complex-looking EQUATION in the notebook.

RICHARD
Great grandfather managed to break down that evil, banish it completely.

He scrabbles across the work surface, shakes a 3M box which turns out to be empty then finds an old disk box marked "93 - Perfume Formulae". He pulls out a disk marked "SENSUAL" puts it in his PC and saves off the work.

Then with a flourish, he swings round.

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RICHARD
Ladies and Gentlemen of the Nobel Institute...Two years ago Professor Hawkins found a correlation between a chromosome imbalance and criminal behavior in human subjects...

He begins to PACE proudly round his office.

RICHARD
He posited that genetic instability promoted anti-social behavior. And I have new evidence to suggest that this behavior can be chemically reversed.

INT. HALLWAY

A cleaner stops his mopping and stares across at the silhouette of Richard, pacing up and down in his office.

INT. OFFICE

RICHARD
Combining my previous work in the treatment of depression with, er...other research, I can foresee a time when we can cure a criminal of criminal tendencies, just as we can cure a depressive of depression...
(reacting to imaginary applause)
Thank you...thank you...no, please...

Suddenly he stops, bothered. He riffles through the notes again.

RICHARD
But if he knew all this, why didn't he publish? Surely he tested it...
(scours the notebook)
No...nothing...

He thinks for a moment.

RICHARD
Doesn't make any sense.

Then he glances down at the final page, and his great grandfather's signature beside the date -- Edinburgh, 1885.

Suddenly he frowns, peers at it more closely.

RICHARD
That's impossible.

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He picks up the book and takes it across to the desk light, examining it again.

CLOSE UP -- THE SIGNATURE

it doesn't read Jacks at all. The notebook is signed DR HENRY JECKYLL.

CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC RECORDS OFFICE, EDINBURGH -- MORNING

A dusty old library. A middle-aged Scots woman, JANET, is on the phone. Her accent is completely unintelligible.

JANET
Noo, I cannae luke thart arp, just lake thart, aim nought a friggin computair for crayin oot lewd, mon.

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE -- NIGHT (BUT SAME)

RICHARD
(painfully slow)
Does anybody there speak English? You know, as in England?

INT. RECORDS OFFICE

A professorial MAN takes the phone from Janet.

MAN
A name change? Of course.

ANGLE -- THE MAN

as he pulls a huge old RECORDS BOOK from a shelf of ancient tomes and begins to run his finger down the thousands of handwritten entries.

MAN
Jacks, Jacks...yes, I have it. Edinburgh, 1885, your great grandmother changed her married name, that would be, let me see...yes, here it is, Jekyll, Dr and Mrs Henry Jekyll...after her husband's death she reverted to her maiden name.

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE

Richard freezes, all the blood draining from his face.

CUT TO:

== Script Fly.com ==

CLOSE UP -- A TV SCREEN

as the grainy image of another DR JEKYLL AND MR HYDE movie flickers out into the darkness, this time the 1941 production starring Spencer Tracey and Ingrid Bergman.

And as the tension mounts, we pull slowly back to reveal we're in...

SARAH'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Sarah asleep as before, a book still lying open on her lap. Suddenly there's a CREAK from downstairs. Sarah wakes, looking about. Did she hear something or didn't she?

ON THE TV

Ingrid Bergman suddenly SCREAMS...Sarah jumps, stares for a moment at the HORRIFYING TRANSFORMATION of Spencer Tracey, then flicks off the tv. The CREAK comes again. She's really frightened now, she slips out of bed, peers into the darkness.

SARAH
Richard?

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS approach up the stairs as an ELONGATED SHADOW that any 1920's German Expressionist would be proud of falls across the wall.

Sarah steps backwards, ready to scream, as the SHADOW moves stealthily towards the bedroom door. The knob twists. Sarah presses herself back against the wall. The door is pushed open to reveal...

RICHARD

Sarah immediately grabs a pillow and smashes him repeatedly with it.

SARAH
How could you do that to me? I was terrified!

RICHARD
I didn't do anything...will you cut it out...Sarah!

Finally he manages to pull the pillow away, pinning her down on the bed.

RICHARD
I've got to talk to you. The most incredible thing has happened...

== Script Fly.com ==

SARAH
I don't want to talk to you, Richard, I want to kill you.

RICHARD
Kill me later, for now just listen.

She gazes up at him for a moment then stops struggling. Richard sits down beside her on the bed.

RICHARD
You're not going to believe this. I...I hardly believe it myself but...my great-grandfather, the guy who wrote the notebooks -- he was Dr Jekyll.

Sarah stares at him.

SARAH
What?

From his pocket Richard pulls the signed FIRST EDITION of 'Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde' that Aunt Agatha gave him in the attic.

RICHARD
The Dr Jekyll.

SARAH
(beat)
You've been drinking.

RICHARD
Aunt Agatha told me they were friends...

SARAH
Who were friends?

RICHARD
My great-grandfather and Robert Louis Stevenson, the guy who wrote the book. Except it wasn't fiction. It was a description of great-grandfather's experiment.
(with a flourish)
And now I've got the formula!

Sarah stares at him. A beat.

SARAH
Okay, forget about the drink. You're just crazy.

RICHARD
I'm not crazy, Sarah -- this is the most incredible opportunity!

== Script Fly.com ==

SARAH
Opportunity?!
(snorts)
Just supposing for one minute that you're not completely insane -- which for me is a huge leap of faith, you understand -- having a formula that turns you into a homicidal monster and ends with your suicide as the only way out is not my idea of a career-making opportunity!

RICHARD
But the part about the monster isn't real. That was just Stevenson looking for a good ending. It was a...a...symbol, you know.

SARAH
So you're a literary expert too now?

RICHARD
With modern methods and great grandfather's formula, I could be on the verge of the greatest chemical breakthrough in modern science.

Sarah stares back at him for a moment then pulls over a pillow and the comforter and shoves them into his hands.

RICHARD
What's this?

SARAH
You're sleeping on the sofa.

RICHARD
Sarah...

SARAH
I'm serious. It was bad before, Richard. Now, I'm warning you, it's almost over.

Then she pushes him out the door and slams it in his face.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

Sarah walks curtly into the living room and snaps open the curtains revealing Richard curled up uncomfortably on the sofa. He squints in the harsh morning light.

== Script Fly.com ==

SARAH
(cool)
I've got to be on site early, so I'll speak to you later. We've got a lot to talk about.

He leans forward and tries to kiss her but she pulls away.

RICHARD
Sweetheart, can't we be friends again?

SARAH
I need time to think, Richard.

She moves towards the door then remembers something and turns back.

SARAH
Oh...because you didn't get back till the early hours of the morning and then scared me half to death, I forgot to mention that someone from Belling Labs called.

RICHARD
(can't quite believe it)
About the job?

Sarah nods.

SARAH
Apparently Professor Belling's very interested, wants to have breakfast with you Thursday morning.

RICHARD
That's fantastic! It's a proper research job, Sarah! No more smells!

SARAH
I'm very happy for you. Just take my advice and don't mention anything about this Dr Jekyll business.

She looks back at him for a moment then turns and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. OMAGE LABORATORIES -- DAY

As Richard walks in, his secretary, Valerie, marches past him, furious, SLAMMING the door behind her. Richard turns back to the lab to find Pete smiling at him.

RICHARD
What was that about?

== Script Fly.com ==

PETE
Apparently I used an expression that upset her.

RICHARD
What expression?

PETE
I referred to the sexual act as taking the skinboat to tuna town.

RICHARD
(appalled)
Oh my God, Walker, that is disgusting.

PETE
And I realize that, which is why, in the interests of protecting the sensibilities of those members of the fairer sex who toil amongst us, I am pinning up this request for more appropriate euphemisms for the sex act.

He pins a single piece of paper to the staff noticebaord.

PETE
Care to christen it?

RICHARD
I'm too busy.

PETE
Very well.

He scribbles out the first alternative.

RICHARD
(reading)
Park your pink Mustang in her side alley?

Pete grins.

RICHARD
I'd love to stay and watch you get lynched but I'm onto something massive.

PETE
Women are always saying that to me.

Richard ignores him, walking into B lab. Pete follows.

INT. LAB B -- SAME

Richard starts turning on computers, oscillators, bunsen burners etc.

== Script Fly.com ==

RICHARD
All I need's a few hours -- just keep Minsk and Dubois away from me for the rest of the day.

PETE
What about the new scent samples?

RICHARD
My new assistant is supposed to be starting today, guy called Spitz. Tell him to stall for me.

PETE
No Spitz. Called in sick.

RICHARD
Then you'll have to do it.

PETE
But...wait a minute, you can't just...

Richard shoves him towards the door.

RICHARD
Goodbye, Pete.

And slams it closed.

CUT TO:

EXT. OMAGE BUILDING -- NIGHT

Only a scattering of lights left on now.

INT. LAB B -- CLOSE UP -- TWO ADJOINING GLASS CAGES

an angry rat in each one, clawing at the glass between them, scowling and baring their teeth.

WIDER -- RICHARD

is staring at the computer screen, surrounded by bubbling lab equipment. On the screen is the rogue chromosome chain we saw earlier, a crazy mix of XX and XY pairings.

RICHARD
Okay -- on the screen the isolated chemical root of human aggression...the unstable gene.

He glances at his great grandfather's notes, chuckling to himself.

== Script Fly.com ==

RICHARD
And the brilliant simplicity of great grandfather's formula to eradicate it -- a series of spliced carbon compounds...and 25cc's of estrogen.

THE MOLECULAR FORMULA

appears on the screen beneath the unstable gene. Richard chuckles again then hits the enter key and the computer immediately starts splicing the formula into the unstable gene, one after another of the XY pairs turning back to XX's.

Then suddenly it stops.

RICHARD
So that's it! 25cc's of estrogen wasn't enough to fully neutralize the unstable gene, get rid of all male aggression.
(thinking about it)
But 160cc's...

He taps at the keyboard -- a graphic showing 160cc's of estrogen is added first to the structure of the FORMULA, which immediately EXPANDS and GLOWS MORE BRIGHTLY, then splices itself into the unstable gene which quivers then snaps into a long, perfect line of XX's.

RICHARD
Now we're cooking with gas!

DISSOLVE TO:

RICHARD -- MUCH LATER NOW

as he fills a pipette with PINK LIQUID from the chemical retort at the end of the chain of equipment then drips several drops into the rats' water bottles.

RICHARD
Okay, guys, happy hour.

The rats immediately start drinking from their bottles.

INT. APARTMENT -- SAME

Sarah lets herself in, obviously tired after a long day's work.

SARAH
Richard?

She flicks on the lights, realizes he's not there. Then she notices the PHOTO standing on the mantelpiece, a snap of her and Richard on some beach together in happier days. Smiling sadly she picks up the photo and sits down on the sofa.

== Script Fly.com ==

INT. LAB -- LATER

Richard gently lifts the glass barrier between the two rats -- are they going to fight?

Richard watches, mesmerized, as they move towards each other -- and gently start licking and grooming.

Richard stares at them for a moment, almost overwhelmed then lets out a WHELP, punching the air. Then, trembling with excitement, he picks up his tape machine...

RICHARD
(into the tape)
Of course the rats didn't change physically, just like great grandfather didn't change physically...Stevenson created Mr Hyde as a metaphor for his altered state of mind when things went wrong. But I've got it right...

EXT. THE CITY -- SAME

A terrible storm has blown in now, the first FLASHES OF LIGHTNING lighting up the distant horizon.

INT. APARTMENT -- SAME

The table has been set for dinner, candles lit, food cooked. As the rain begins to HAMMER against the windows, Sarah sits impatiently in the kitchen, waiting for Richard. Bored, she picks up the ANCIENT COPY of "Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde" and begins to flick through the gruesome Victorian etchings of Mr Hyde's MONSTROUS FORM. He bears an uncanny resemblance to Richard's great grandfather's "drinking pal".

CUT TO:

RICHARD -- THROUGH WIDE-ANGLE B&W VIDEO CAMERA

He's sitting on a chair talking directly to the camera. His arm is attached to a digital blood pressure read-out. A heartbeat monitor is attached to his chest. In his hand is a test tube of the PINK LIQUID.

RICHARD
Well, here we are, Wednesday, January 12th, 10.22pm...

From outside comes a booming PEAL OF THUNDER.

== Script Fly.com ==

RICHARD
Obviously I'm not a rat but who else can I test this on?
(thinks for a moment)
I suppose I could slip some into Walker's coffee...
(snaps out of it)
What am I saying? I'm a scientist, I'm thirty-three years old, the same age as Jesus, and I've achieved nothing -- this is my big chance to make a difference.

Slowly he raises the liquid...and drinks.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM -- DAWN

Sarah is lying in bed, arms crossed. It looks like she hasn't slept all night. Suddenly her alarm clock RINGS. She throws it across the room.

INT. LAB B -- SAME

The CAMERA moves slowly over the lab equipment, the rats (now sleeping), the computer, great grandfather's notes...Dr Jekyll's signature...and finally onto RICHARD.

...who's still sitting in front of the video camera, almost asleep. Nothing has happened.

RICHARD
(bleary-eyed)
It's now...
(glances at watch)
Seven a.m., nine hours since I took the formula, and...
(looking at the monitors)
...my blood pressure is exactly the same, my heart rate is exactly the same, my breathing completely normal...

He pauses for a moment, some distant thought tugging at the farthest reaches of his mind.

RICHARD
(suddenly it hits him)
Jesus Christ! Breakfast with Professor Belling!!

CLOSE UP -- THE MONITORS

as his heart and blood pressure SOAR.

CUT TO:

== Script Fly.com ==

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT -- EARLY MORNING

It's a power breakfast spot, clusters of BUSINESS PEOPLE talking intently over their eggs and toast. PROFESSOR BELLING sits alone at a table for two, glancing impatiently at his watch.

Suddenly Richard bursts into the restaurant, unshaven, gasping for breath, runs across to him.

RICHARD
Professor Belling, I am so sorry. The traffic was just...

Belling glares at him.

BELLING
You should make allowances for traffic before determining the time of departure. I did, that's why I got here on time.

RICHARD
As I said, I'm very sorry, and...

BELLING
Punctuality and self-discipline are qualities highly valued in my company, Dr Jacks, if you don't have them, we don't want you.

RICHARD
This morning is an aberration, Professor, normally I can assure you I'm always...

BELLING
And I should warn you, the only thing I despise more than tardiness is brown-nosing yes men.

RICHARD
I...look, why don't we order?

BELLING
No. Why don't we come to the point? Your career has been a model of suicidal mismanagement, many would say displaying a level of foolhardy ignorance that makes you fit only for the sort of scientific wasteland you now find yourself in.

Richard stares back at him.

BELLING
So I want you to explain to me why I should give you a lab, a research team and a salary of $85,000 a year.

== Script Fly.com ==

Richard's eyes bulge.

RICHARD
Eighty...five...

Suddenly Richard's look of wonderment dissolves into one of slowly dawning horror. He stares down at his groin.

CLOSE UP -- THE BULGE IN HIS PANTS

suddenly disappears.

RICHARD' MOUTH

drops open.

BELLING
Well, Dr Jacks?

Richard's speechless. Under the table he feels his crotch with his hand.

Above the table Belling notices the movement, he begins to look disgusted.

WAITER
(stopping by the table)
Can I take your order, sir?

As Belling looks up at the waiter Richard JOLTS, twice, as two large FEMALE BREASTS appear underneath his shirt.

BELLING
I'll have an orange juice, a plain yogurt and some mint tea.

He glances at Richard.

BELLING
Dr Jacks?

Richard immediately folds his arms over his chest and leans right forward onto the table.

RICHARD
(desperate)
Vodka tonic, no ice, no tonic.

BELLING
Jacks, is this a bad time for you?

RICHARD
(his voice a fraction higher)
No. No.

== Script Fly.com ==

BELLING
Well, I'm still waiting to hear why you're our man.

RICHARD
(in a woman's voice)
Because you won't find a scientist more...

He stops dead. Belling stares at him. Richard stares back for a moment then COUGHS and reaches for a glass of water. As he picks it up

HIS NAILS

suddenly start growing, right in front of his eyes, and all the hair on the backs of his hands disappears.

He looks at Belling who is now staring at him incredulously.

ANGLE -- RICHARD'S HAIR

as it slowly but surely starts to grow.

BELLING
You've...you've got long hair.

RICHARD
(woman's voice)
Don't be ridiculous...
(touches his head)
Oh my God...

As he says his eyelashes lengthen and darken.

RICHARD
I've got to go, I'm sorry, I'm just...not feeling myself.

His arms still folded across his chest, Richard gets up and hurries from the table. His pants look too large and he walks like a woman now.

Belling stares after him, astonished.

EXT. OMAGE BUILDING -- DAY

As people stare Richard sprints towards the entrance, arms still crossed, hair still growing, clothes increasingly ill-fitting.

== Script Fly.com ==

INT. LAB B -- SAME

Richard slams the door, flips down the blinds and struggles towards his video camera, trying to turn it on but his body is seized with convulsions.

INT. OMAGE BUILDING LOBBY -- SAME

On one of the SECURITY MONITORS that line the security guard's desk, we see the rest of RICHARD'S TRANSFORMATION. As he flails about, his hair growing longer and longer, he falls behind a desk...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP:

INT. LABORATORY -- MORNING

Pete walks in to find no sign of Richard.

PETE
Richard?

He walks across to his office and sticks his head round the door.

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE -- SAME

His eyes swell to the size of melons as he finds himself staring at the incredible sight of the MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN HE HAS EVER SEEN, naked apart from Richard's rather baggy jockey shorts.

This is HELEN.

HELEN
Are you just going to stand there and stare at me or are you going to give me your lab coat?

A long beat.

PETE
Stand here and stare at you.

Helen purses her lips.

PETE
Just kidding.

He takes off his white coat and hands it to Helen who slips it on.

PETE
Who are you?

== Script Fly.com ==

HELEN
I'm Dr Jacks's new assistant -- Helen Hyde.

Pete stares at her as she sits down at Richard's desk and flicks on the pc.

PETE
I thought Richard's assistant was supposed to be some guy called Spitz?

HELEN
Well, you thought wrong...where's the report on the new test samples?

Pete isn't sure he likes this woman's attitude.

PETE
I've got the report on the new test samples, and I want to know where Richard is, and what you're doing buck naked in his office.

Helen looks up at him.

HELEN
Richard went home -- he worked all night and needed some sleep.

PETE
(grins)
I'll bet he did -- what happened to your clothes?

HELEN
I spilled some coffee on them.

PETE
Don't you mean you spilled some Richard on them?

HELEN
(impatient)
May I have the report, please. Richard asked me to review it then get it to Minsk and Dubois.

PETE
I'll tell you what...since Richard isn't here, and you still look fresh as a peach, why don't I shut the door, close the blinds, help you go through some of the more difficult sections...

== Script Fly.com ==

He lays the file down on the desk and leans suggestively over her.

HELEN
You really wouldn't mind?

Pete's delighted chuckle is cut short as Helen suddenly SLAMS open one of the desk drawers straight into his groin. He doubles over, GROANING, as Helen picks up the file.

HELEN
Been a pleasure meeting you.

INT. OFFICE -- SAME

Helen stops by one of the secretary's desks, the woman's slipped away for a moment, then she leans down and takes the PAIR OF SNEAKERS from her bag.

INT. DUBOIS'S OFFICE -- SAME

The office is Roche Bobois at its most kitsch. Dubois sits at his desk sniffing scent samples as there's a KNOCK at the door.

DUBOIS
Entrez!

The door opens. Dubois's eyes widen as Helen appears in her lab coat carrying the report file.

HELEN
Monsieur Dubois. I'm Dr Jacks's new assistant, Helen Hyde. Enchante.

She shakes his hand briskly. Dubois is bowled over.

DUBOIS
I can assure you the pleasure is all mine.

HELEN
Pierre Dubois. What an honor. When I was at Givenchy, you were regarded as something of a legend.

This is music to Dubois's ears.

HELEN
Still, I mustn't keep you, only Richard's out of the office today and he was most insistent I give you this.

She hands him the consumer report. Dubois is surprised and delighted.

== Script Fly.com ==

DUBOIS
Well, I can't fault him on some of his more recent decisions. Thank you, madameoiselle. It is madameoiselle, isn't it?

HELEN
Oh yes. Though I was engaged to a Frenchman once, I...just have this thing about French men.

Dubois's eyes sparkle.

HELEN
Anyway, thank you for your time. A bientot.

She smiles and leaves. As soon as the door closes Dubois scrabbles for a cigarette, lights it and takes a deep breath.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS

as Helen tries on clothes at BLOOMINGDALES, shirts and blouses, stockings and bras, shoes and finally make-up.

At last she emerges onto the street looking a million dollars.

CUT TO:

INT. OMAGE BUILDING -- LATER

Helen walks back into the lobby carrying a cluster of shopping bags. As she crosses to the elevators MINSK spots her.

MINSK
Excuse me, am I right in thinking you're Miss Hyde?

Helen flashes him one of her finest smiles.

HELEN
Mr Minsk, I've seen your picture in Forbes but you look so much younger in the flesh.

Minsk takes it -- hook, line and sinker.

MINSK
Monsieur Dubois gave me Richard's report. You tell him from me, it's excellent, he's finally getting somewhere...and that section on female preferences was superb.

== Script Fly.com ==

HELEN
Actually I took the liberty of adding that section myself. I hope you don't mind.

MINSK
Mind? Not at all. Welcome aboard.

HELEN
Thank you.

INT. OMAGE OFFICES -- MINUTES LATER

VALERIE is busy typing when HELEN walks in carrying a GIFT-WRAPPED BOX.

HELEN
Valerie?

VALERIE
Yes?

HELEN
I'm sorry to interrupt you, I know how busy you girls are, only Dr Jacks wanted me to give you this.

She hands her the box.

VALERIE
Does it tick?

Helen laughs charmingly.

HELEN
How can you manage all this and keep a sense of humor too?

Valerie can't help being flattered. She opens the box and finds a brand new version of the DRESS she spilt coffee on.

VALERIE
I can't believe it.

Nor can the other TYPISTS.

HELEN
Richard feels so ashamed about pressurizing you. He felt it was the least he could do. You know, that color really is you.

VALERIE
Why thank you.

== Script Fly.com ==

Helen smiles dazzlingly and leaves.

INT. LABORATORY -- SAME

Helen walks back into Richard's office to find SARAH sitting at the desk.

HELEN
(welcoming)
Sarah...

SARAH
(frosty)
Who are you?

HELEN
I'm Richard's new assistant -- Helen.

SARAH
(ten below zero)
Is...that...so?

HELEN
I recognized you from Richard's photographs.

SARAH
Where is he?

HELEN
In Idaho, with a client.

Sarah is finding it hard not to cry.

SARAH
Idaho?

HELEN
Sarah, I know it's none of my business but the pressure here, well it just...brings out the worst in people. Richard just hasn't been himself lately.

Sarah looks back at her for a moment and finally can hold it no longer. She bursts into tears. Helen goes across to her, comforts her.

HELEN
Men can be such bastards...

SARAH
I know...

HELEN
Here...

== Script Fly.com ==

She hands her a handkerchief.

SARAH
(gulps)
Thank you.

HELEN
Listen, have you had lunch yet? I know a little seafood place round the corner, does a fantastic bouillabaisse.

Sarah looks up at her, snuffles through her tears.

SARAH
Really? That's my favourite dish in the world.

HELEN
I know. Richard told me, now what do you say?

Through her tears Sarah manages a weak smile.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT -- DAY

Helen and Sarah are eating seafood at a corner table.

SARAH
You're absolutely sure it's not another woman?

HELEN
Richard loves you, Sarah, he's just in a mess about his work.

SARAH
I don't understand why he has to make it all so complicated.

HELEN
You love him for who he is, not what he does.

SARAH
Exactly -- but he can't accept that, he needs to feel successful, to feel he can...look after me.

Helen shakes her head.

HELEN
They're little boys really, all of them.

She looks at Sarah.

== Script Fly.com ==

HELEN
Do you mind if I give you a piece of advice?

SARAH
Please do, Helen...it's been such a help just talking to you.

HELEN
Move out for awhile, just for a couple of weeks. Let him see how empty his life is without you in it.

SARAH
You think that'd work?

HELEN
Look at it this way, if it doesn't you'll know he's not the right man for you anyway.

Sarah looks back at her and slowly nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

Helen helps Sarah load the final suitcase into the back of her car.

SARAH
I just want to thank you, Helen. I'd never have been able to go through this without you.

HELEN
Forget it. I just want to see you guys happy.

Then Sarah climbs into her car and pulls away.

CLOSE UP -- HELEN'S SMILING FACE

as she turns and looks up at Richard's apartment. Suddenly she looks concerned. She stares down at her hands.

ANGLE -- HER FINGERNAILS

as they suddenly retract back into her cuticles. As she stares, horrified, HAIR starts sprouting on her fingers.

HELEN
(Richard's voice)
No!

== Script Fly.com ==

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- SAME

Helen clambers out of the elevator and scrabbles with her keys, pushing them into the lock of Richard's door. As she opens it HER HAIR starts retreating back into her scalp.

INT. RICHARD'S BEDROOM

Helen starts pulling her clothes off, stripped down to her skirt and bra. As she unclips the strap and HER MAGNIFICENT BREASTS burst free, first one DISAPPEARS then the OTHER.

Helen stares down at them, is then shaken by another convulsion, and finally falls behind the bed.

FADE OUT.

FADE UP -- INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Richard wakes looking horribly hungover.

RICHARD
Sarah?

He reaches instinctively for the other side of the bed but Sarah's not there.

RICHARD
(frowns)
How did I get back here?

INT. OMAGE OFFICES -- LATER

As Richard hurries in, Valerie looks cheerfully up at him in her new Bloomingdales dress.

VALERIE
Morning, doctor, need anything typed?

Richard's taken aback.

RICHARD
Sorry?

VALERIE
Typed -- I work for you, remember?

Richard can't believe the transformation.

VALERIE
Oh, I was so sorry to hear about you and Sarah, she asked me to give you this note.

RICHARD
Me and Sarah?

== Script Fly.com ==

VALERIE
By the way, how on earth did you know my size?

RICHARD
What's wrong with you, Valerie?

VALERIE
Oh doctor, Helen told me you were a great big teddy bear, and she was absolutely right.

Then she stands up and gives the very confused Richard a big, wet kiss.

INT. LABORATORY -- DAY -- LATER

Richard walks into the lab to be immediately confronted by Pete.

RICHARD
What the hell's wrong with Valerie?

PETE
Don't talk to me about Valerie, you dark horse, Dickie, talk to me about Helen! Why the hell'd you never tell me about her?

RICHARD
What?

PETE
Helen, for crissakes, where'd you find her?

RICHARD
I don't know what you're talking about.

PETE
This is Petey you're talking to, Richard, you can level with me -- Helen Hyde, your new assistant.

Richard stares at him, horrified.

RICHARD
Helen Hyde!?!

PETE
More curves than a steel-belted radial but I'm warning you, man, I know women, and that one is ambitious with a capital A -- took the new scent report straight off me, went direct to Dubois.

== Script Fly.com ==

Richard grabs him, very intense.

PETE
Chill, Dickie, you're buggin', man.

RICHARD
You must swear to me, Pete -- you'll never, ever sleep with her.

Pete stares back at him.

PETE
You two are really that attached? Already?

RICHARD
You have no idea.

Over his shoulder Pete notices something.

PETE
Listen I gotta run...I'll talk to you later, loverboy, and I want all the details.

He disappears as Minsk and Dubois step into the lab.

MINSK
Richard...

Richard turns, spots them, groans.

MINSK
Good job with the new scent report! Smart of you to include that stuff of Helen's. She so much...her own person.

Dubois notes Minsk's unusual enthusiasm.

DUBOIS
(affecting casualness)
She in yet?

RICHARD
Er, no, I'm afraid she was just a...temp, and now she's...working abroad.

DUBOIS
She didn't tell me that.

RICHARD
It was an opportunity that suddenly came up, in...the Sudan. So we...won't be seeing her again.

== Script Fly.com ==

Both men look disappointed.

RICHARD
Now I've got to distill some new fragrances so if you'll excuse me...?

He backs into his office and slams the door.

INT. OFFICE

Richard leans against the wall for a moment, catching his breath.

RICHARD
This can't be happening to me.

INT. LAB -- SAME

Minsk and Dubois watch through the window as Richard checks his nipples, the hair under his arms then peers down his pants.

They glance uncertainly at each other.

INT. OFFICE

He glances at his fingernails, his leg hairs then he sniffs the back of his hand.

RICHARD
She smokes...with my lungs, goddammit. But why a woman?

He begins to pace, suddenly freezes.

RICHARD
Wait a minute, the estrogen...I increased the dosage.

Holding the thought he slides down into his chair, stares round.

RICHARD
But why can't I remember anything?

Then he notices the ancient copy of "Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde" rests on the work surface. Immediately he starts flicking through it, and after a moment he finds what he's looking for.

RICHARD
"and I realized the beast had all my memories up to the point of the first transformation. Thereafter, neither one of us had any memory of the other's actions..."

== Script Fly.com ==

He closes the book, thinks for a moment then shakes his head.

RICHARD
(trying to convince himself)
No...it can't be.

He shuts the book then remembers the note Valerie gave him. He pulls it from his pocket, opens the envelope and reads. Suddenly his eyes widen and he leaps up and dashes out.

CUT TO:

EXT. MODERN APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

A cab pulls up and Richard climbs out, checks the address against the one on the note, then pays off the driver.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- SAME

Richard hurries along the expensive-looking corridor, thick carpets, nice art on the walls and stops by a door at the end. When he knocks it's answered by SARAH.

SARAH
(cool)
Hello, Richard.

RICHARD
Hello?! Is that all you can say to me?

SARAH
Would you mind keeping your voice down, please?

RICHARD
No, Sarah, I will not keep my voice, and I want to know what's going on!

He marches into the apartment.

SARAH
First of all I haven't invited you in, Richard, and second of all I've decided to give us some room to breathe.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

Richard stares round the sumptuous, beautifully decorated space, large windows giving sweeping views out across the city.

RICHARD
How much is this place costing?

== Script Fly.com ==

SARAH
It belongs to a friend, now can we please finish this conversation and then I want you to go.

Richard looks back at her.

RICHARD
I don't need room to breathe, Sarah. I was breathing just fine until I got your note.

SARAH
I'd have preferred to tell you in person, Richard. In fact I waited for two nights to tell you in person but you didn't come home!

RICHARD
I was working!

SARAH
And that's supposed to make it alright? You didn't even call to tell me where you were! I thought something might have happened to you! I even called the police!

Suddenly Richard's brother LARRY walks into the apartment.

LARRY
(to Sarah)
Is everything okay?

Richard stares at him.

RICHARD
What are you doing here!?.
(to Sarah)
What's he doing here?

SARAH
He lives here. This is Larry's apartment.

RICHARD
What?!

LARRY
Brought up my move to the city, little more cash floating about now thanks to Great Uncle Frank.

Richard stares at Sarah.

== Script Fly.com ==

RICHARD
How could you do something so cheap? With my own brother!?

SARAH
Larry is a friend, Richard. And he was there when I needed him. And so was Helen.

RICHARD
Helen!?

SARAH
She was fantastic. In fact the only person who wasn't fantastic was you.

RICHARD
You met Helen?

LARRY
I hate to break in, Sarah, but if we're going to make that lunch we're gonna really have to run.

RICHARD
(to Larry)
Wait a minute.
(to Sarah)
What was she like?

SARAH
So it's not just girlfriends, you don't notice your assistants either?

LARRY
Sarah...

SARAH
I'm coming.

She picks up her coat.

RICHARD
You've got time for his lunch, but you haven't got time for me?

SARAH
That's right.

She makes a move towards the door.

RICHARD
Okay, okay, slow down a minute, will you?

Larry sighs, glances at Sarah.

== Script Fly.com ==

LARRY
I'll bring the car round.

As he disappears she looks back at Richard.

SARAH
What?

RICHARD
Have dinner with me, tonight, at the apartment.

SARAH
Richard...

RICHARD
I'll cook, we'll have a chance to talk about...everything.

She looks back at him.

RICHARD
Please.

A long beat.

SARAH
I'll call you.

RICHARD
Call me, write me, whatever, just be there at eight.

He gazes at her for a moment then he's gone.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Richard is sitting in front of his PC, gazing at the same three dimensional molecular structure glowing from the screen. The old NOTEBOOKS and the flask containing the rest of the PINK FORMULA stand by the computer.

RICHARD
(into his tape recorder)
It's just possible that the effect of the drug might have been to change me into a woman, a result of increasing the estrogen in the solution too much.

He gets up, walks into the kitchen and stirs a SAUCEPAN simmering on the stove.

== Script Fly.com ==

RICHARD
However, apart from the memory loss, the formula did improve my state of mind and induce a calmer nature...my alter ego, Helen Hyde, bought my secretary a dress, improved a report on test samples to my superiors, and comforted my girlfriend.

He pulls TWO CANDLES from a cupboard and walks into the living room which has now been cleared of the chemical apparatus and thoroughly tidied.

RICHARD
All that remains is to reduce the physical side effects and ensure...

Suddenly the doorbell RINGS.

Richard immediately snaps off the recorder and drops it into a drawer, flicking off the computer and wheeling it backwards into a cupboard. Then he lights the two candles on the table, checks the place settings and the bottle of champagne cooling in the ice bucket on the tv, and finally smoothes down his hair and goes across to the door.

Of course it's...

SARAH

looking beautiful as she steps into the apartment.

SARAH
(glancing round the place)
Wow...

RICHARD
I tidied up a little.

SARAH
I haven't seen that carpet in eighteen months.

RICHARD
Champagne?

SARAH
This is so romantic.

He smiles, hands her a glass.

SARAH
And what's that wonderful smell?

RICHARD
Stuffed chicken breast in a ricotta and Gatorade sauce.

== Script Fly.com ==

She looks at him.

SARAH
Ran out of red wine, so I'm improvising a little...
(sniffs the air)
Back in a minute...

He ducks into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Richard stirs the saucepan, checks the dish in the oven but as he closes the door snaps a finger nail.

RICHARD
Damn!

He stares at the broken nail, and suddenly notices they're all GROWING AGAIN.

RICHARD
Oh no...

Helen steps into the kitchen behind him.

HELEN
You know something, I think I like your hair like that.

RICHARD
What?

SARAH
Longer, I just noticed.

Richard stares in the mirror. His hair is growing by the second.

RICHARD
Oh my God...

Immediately he FLICKS OFF the lights, plunging the room into darkness.

SARAH
What's wrong?

RICHARD
Nothing.

SARAH
Is this some kind of joke?

== Script Fly.com ==

She SNAPS ON the lights and we get a quick glimpse of Richard, breasts straining beneath his shirt, his hair even longer now, his face semi-female.

Sarah stares at him but only for a split second because Richard immediately flicks the lights BACK OFF again.

RICHARD
You've got to go.

SARAH
But I just got here.

RICHARD
(voice getting higher)
I'm sorry, something's come up.

Sarah SNAPS ON the lights again. Richard looks even more female this time. He YELPS and immediately snaps them off once more.

SARAH
Richard...I'm going to try to be as liberal as I possibly can about this but...is this your way of telling me you're a cross-dresser?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING CORRIDOR -- SAME

Sarah is physically thrown out of the apartment and the door is slammed in her face.

INT. APARTMENT

Richard leans back against the door, gasping for breath as the final convulsion KNOCKS him out of frame.

CUT TO:

INT. MINSK'S OFFICE -- EVENING -- LATER

Minsk is working late on some report as his secretary puts her head round the door.

MINSK
I said no calls, Heather.

SECRETARY
I'm sorry, sir, but it's a Miss Hyde, she was very insistent.

Minsk immediately brightens.

INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT -- SAME

== Script Fly.com ==

Helen, now looking two million dollars, sits on the sofa, toying with Richard's NOTEBOOKS as she talks on the phone.

HELEN
No, Mr Minsk, we really must meet now...The Sudan?...A temp? How strange...I don't like to criticize a colleague but between you and me I think Dr Jacks is a little jealous of my input. Which is why I'd like to bounce something off you alone...Great, see you in fifteen.

She hangs up then takes the notebooks, flicks up the FLAME of her cigarette lighter and lights the corner of the ancient documents. As the fire begins to take hold she drops the flaming pages into the trash.

HELEN
Richard Jacks, you thought I was a one night stand. You have no idea.

Then she pours away the rest of the PINK SOLUTION and in a FLASH OF SPARKS rips all the cabling from the back of Richard's computer.

CUT TO:

INT. MINSK'S OFFICE -- EVENING

Minsk is behind his desk, Helen standing, her hair tidily up.

HELEN
Since you liked my additions to the report so much, surely you can let me get involved with the development of the perfume itself.

MINSK
(patronizing)
Helen, dear, we have less than two weeks, and Dr Jacks already has Pete Walker backing him up.

HELEN
Walker's an idiot, sir, everyone knows that, and where the hell's Richard when you need him? Either at home trying to patch up his personal life, or working on his own research.

MINSK
Is that true?

HELEN
I can do this.

== Script Fly.com ==

MINSK
You're barely qualified.

HELEN
I have exactly the right qualification, it's a woman's perfume and I'm a woman.

MINSK
Ms Hyde, you're a secretary.

HELEN
So's every other woman in this damned company.

Minsk glances at his watch.

HELEN
Okay -- what if there was a vacancy?

MINSK
I'm sorry but there isn't.

She glares back at him for a moment then marches out of his office, SLAMMING the door.

INT. CORRIDOR

Irritated, Helen marches away from Minsk's office but as she rounds a corner she walks right into PETE. He immediately strikes a seductive pose.

PETE
(trying to sound sultry)
Helen, baby, you're working late.

HELEN
Don't cross me tonight, I'm not in the mood.

She walks on but Pete goes after her.

PETE
(glances about)
Richard not with you then?

HELEN
One loser at a time's enough, don't you think?

Pete grins.

== Script Fly.com ==

PETE
You think that kind of aggression intimidates me, Helen? Uh-uh. See I've known women like you, ruthless, driven, seemingly unapproachable, and I know all they really want is a man who's brave enough to cut through all that crap.

She gives him a withering look as she walks back through the lab doors.

INT. LAB -- SAME

Pete hurries in after her.

HELEN
I didn't think it was possible for you to be dumber than I thought, Pete but I'm beginning to change my mind.

PETE
You've got spirit, I like that in a woman. And I know you're ambitious, even if Richard doesn't. So I'm willing to let you in on a little project of mine.
(lowers his voice)
Very hush hush.

He glances about then pulls a plain bottle from his pocket.

PETE
Experimental eau do cologne I've been working on in my spare time -- concentrated solution of acidic secretions from the anal sacs of the Finnish reindeer...and, I believe, the most powerful aphrodisiac known to man.

HELEN
(beat)
You're pathetic.

PETE
Even if you meant that, and I know you don't, one sniff of this and you'd be my love slave for the rest of the night.

Helen looks back at him for a moment then begins to smile. Pete grows in confidence.

PETE
Help me out with some field trials, and maybe I could find my way to cutting you in on the action?

Helen takes the bottle and considers it for a moment.

== Script Fly.com ==

HELEN
Fine.

Pete can't quite believe it.

PETE
Really?

HELEN
Let's go.

It takes a moment for this to sink in..

PETE
You're not going to regret this, Helen, I promise you - lemme go wash up, I'll be right back.

The moment he's gone Helen takes the bottle, unscrews the top and immediately empties the contents down the sink. Then she takes a large bottle of DRAINO and pours it into the bottle, finally screwing the cap back on.

INT. CORRIDOR -- MINUTES LATER

Pete walks out of the restroom, looking very pleased with himself. Helen's waiting.

PETE
Why don't I go bring the car round?

She smiles seductively, handing him the bottle.

HELEN
And splash a little of this on while you're at it.

Pete grins, takes the bottle and hurries away.

EXT. OMAGE BUILDING -- MINUTES LATER

From the parking lot comes the sound of a TERRIBLE SCREAMING.

INT. LAB -- SAME

Helen half-smiles as she reapplies her make-up.

HELEN
Situation vacant.

INT. MINSK'S OFFICE -- MINUTES LATER

Helen walks in to find Minsk tidying his desk, getting ready to leave.

== Script Fly.com ==

HELEN
Mr Minsk?

MINSK
Helen, I really can't go into this again, I'm tired and I want to go home.

HELEN
(very demure)
I understand that, and all I came back for was to apologize, for the way I acted before.

MINSK
Well, that's...fine. Forget it.

HELEN
You know what it's like when you're young, ambitious...

She sits on the edge of his desk, still looking very demure but somehow, without her even noticing, her skirt slides open a little way, revealing a good slice of leg.

HELEN
...and completely infatuated with the man you're working for.

Minsk swallows.

MINSK
What?

HELEN
Always trying to make him notice you, appreciate you...

MINSK
Well, I'm sure Dr Jacks...

HELEN
I'm not talking about Dr Jacks...Oliver.

Minsk stiffens at the sound of his name.

HELEN
Do you mind if I call you Oliver?

MINSK
I, uh...no, of course not.

HELEN
(very quiet)
I think I'm falling in love with you.

== Script Fly.com ==

MINSK
But you...hardly know me...

HELEN
I've followed your career from a distance, read about you in magazines...do you know what I dream about at night, Oliver? Night after restless night?

Minsk shakes his head, too nervous to speak.

HELEN
You. Making mad, passionate love to me.

Minsk swallows.

HELEN
I just want to be with you.

She leans closer.

HELEN
Alone.

Still closer.

HELEN
(whispers into his ear)
Tonight.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP -- A TV SCREEN

as Jerry Lewis drinks his steaming potion and then begins to shiver and shake as he begins his transformation into THE NUTTY PROFESSOR.

WIDER -- AN OPULENT BEDROOM

as we suddenly hear the brush of silk on satin as HELEN'S SKIRT falls to the thickly carpeted floor.

INT. MINSK'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Minsk sits on the corner of the bed staring at Helen in her stockings and suspenders and high heels, starting now to unbutton her blouse.

HELEN
But supposing there was a vacancy? Supposing tomorrow morning you went into work and found that somebody had died, quite suddenly, or had a terrible accident, would you promote me then?

== Script Fly.com ==

MINSK
(faint)
Helen, I just...

HELEN
I could be closer to you then, we could see each other in the office.

MINSK
You don't understand, there are procedures and...

Helen immediately stops unbuttoning her blouse, stops smiling. Minsk stares up at her for a moment.

MINSK
Of course I can overrule those procedures.

Helen starts unbuttoning again and finally the blouse falls open revealing her MAGNIFICENT BOSOM, scarcely contained in a lacy bra.

Minsk suddenly glances at the photo of HIS WIFE standing on the bedside table. Immediately he SLAPS it down.

HELEN
I'd need to keep my own hours...

MINSK
(very flushed now)
Right...

Her blouse falls to the floor as she reaches round for the clip on her bra strap.

HELEN
And you know what I've always dreamed about? A Mercedes.

Minsk is bug-eyed now.

MINSK
(croaks)
Anything.

As the bra finally falls to the floor, Helen stands there in all her glory.

HELEN
(smiles)
Everything.

But as she says it

== Script Fly.com ==

THWAP!!!

one of her breasts disappears.

MINSK
(frowning)
Helen?

She grabs her chest as THWAP! the other breast disappears too.

HELEN
Goddammit!

MINSK
Did I say something wrong?

Suddenly her hair starts to recede as she sprints across the room and dives into the bathroom.

MINSK
(concerned)
Helen, what's going on?

INT. BATHROOM

Helen slams the door and turns the key in the lock.

HELEN
(voice deepening)
Just a minute...

INT. BEDROOM

Minsk goes over and tries the door. He can't get in.

MINSK
Let me in, sweetheart, Mr Monkey wants to play.

MOANS and GROANS filter out.

MINSK
(very excited now)
I'm getting the spare key!

He sprints out of the room.

INT. BATHROOM

RICHARD staggers to his feet, dressed in the silky underpants.

RICHARD
Oh my God.

== Script Fly.com ==

He grabs a bathrobe from the back of the door and pulls it on, then looks around, disorientated, trying to work out where he is...He tries the door, then notices the key, unlocking it.

HIS POV: MINSK

in his underwear, heading towards him.

MINSK
Don't worry, darling, Daddy's coming...

Richard SLAMS the door and locks it.

RICHARD
I'm gonna barf...

ANGLE: THE KEY HOLE

as his key pops onto the carpet.

INT. BEDROOM

Minsk turns his key in the door and pushes the door open.

INT. BATHROOM

Richard is frantically pushing against the door.

MINSK
Helen, is this a game...?

Richard pushes against the door.

RICHARD
(falsetto)
Go away!!

INT. BEDROOM

MINSK
But, darling, what's wrong?

He pushes harder.

INT. BATHROOM

Richard is pushing hardest as he tries to drag a stool across with his feet.

RICHARD
(falsetto)
Leave me alone...

He manages to jam the stool under the door knob.

== Script Fly.com ==

MINSK VO
I don't understand...

EXT. MINSK'S HOUSE

It's a typical city townhouse. Richard clambers along the ledge looking down.

HIS POV: THE SIDEWALK

two stories below. Behind him comes the sound of a door SPLINTERING.

RICHARD
Shit...

He grabs hold of the drainpipe and swings out, but the entire structure PULLS LOOSE from the wall and Richard plummets downwards.

RICHARD
Aaaagghhh!!

ANGLE - A CONSTRUCTION DUMPSTER

as Richard CRASHES into it in a cloud of dust.

MINSK

stares out the window as Richard, clad in his bathrobe, and now covered in building debris, takes off up the street.

CUT TO:

INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Sarah and Larry are talking, Larry looking very concerned, Sarah very tired.

SARAH
I've hardly slept since it happened, Larry, I feel so tense I can hardly move my neck.

LARRY
Here, let me massage your shoulders.

SARAH
(uncertain)
Oh, well, that's okay...thanks anyway.

Larry ignores her, sitting down behind her.

LARRY
Turn round.

== Script Fly.com ==

Still uncertain Sarah turns and Larry starts kneading her neck. Sarah immediately responds.

SARAH
Oh God....that's so good.

LARRY
Now let me try and explain something about Richard...what you've got to understand is that before anything else, Richard is my little brother. And I love him more than life itself but it hasn't been easy for him being around me...I'm more successful, better-looking, more attractive to women, his whole life has been lived in my shadow.

SARAH
(only half-listening)
Mmmmm.

LARRY
This obviously causes a lot of conflict, between us of course, but also internally, in Richard...and sometimes that kind of conflict can express itself as a form of sexual perversion.

Sarah immediately stiffens.

SARAH
What?

LARRY
The fact is, transvestitism is a lot more common than many people think.

SARAH
You're saying Richard is a transvestite?

LARRY
You said he looked like a woman.

SARAH
Yes but...

LARRY
You said he kept turning the lights off.

SARAH
But Larry...

== Script Fly.com ==

LARRY
He probably invited you round that night to get it off his chest -- so to speak -- but at the last minute his nerve failed him.

It takes a moment for this to sink in.

SARAH
Richard is a transvestite...?

LARRY
Of course I don't want to give you the impression that makes him any less a man...or any less a suitable partner for you.

As Sarah looks at him he smiles an oh-so-oily sympathetic smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

A sign on the door reads FACULTY OF ORGANIC CHEMISTRY.

INT. OFFICE

A tired looking PROFESSOR TYPE is sitting behind a desk staring across at Richard who's now dressed in his normal clothes.

PROFESSOR
You turn into a woman...

RICHARD
It sounds incredible, I know, but if you'll just look at my great grandfather's formula, you'll see it all makes scientific sense.

PROFESSOR
This'd be Dr Jekyll's formula.

RICHARD
Exactly! I increased the estrogen dose too much and now's there some kind of residual effect...I keep switching back into my female form.

PROFESSOR
But I thought you said Ms...Hyde, I think you called her, destroyed your record of the formula.

== Script Fly.com ==

RICHARD
She didn't realize I'd kept a back-up copy on an old perfume disk.

The Professor nods, thinks for a moment.

PROFESSOR
Dr Jacks, you were a brilliant student, I remember your work well but life since hasn't really been kind to you, has it?

RICHARD
What's life got to do with anything? I need you to put me in an observation tank and record my next transformation -- this is an incredible breakthrough, Professor.

PROFESSOR
Of course it is. May I just ask what's that bruising on your head?

RICHARD
Oh...nothing. I fell off a building this morning.

The man nods, getting up.

PROFESSOR
Of course you did. Would you give me a moment, please, Dr Jacks, I'm just going to bring in one of my associates.

Richard looks relieved as he leaves the room.

CUT TO:

THE MAIN DOORS SLAMMING OPEN

as Richard is hurled through the faculty entrance by two SECURITY GUARDS and tumbles down the steps.

CUT TO:

INT. OMAGE BUILDING - DAY

Richard walks in through the lobby and spots Minsk by the elevators. He heads for the stairs but Minsk spots him.

MINSK
Jacks!

Richard sighs and walks over.

MINSK
Did I see you hanging round my house last night?

== Script Fly.com ==

RICHARD
(evasive)
What would I be doing hanging round your house, sir?

MINSK
You know exactly what you were doing, and so do I.

Richard stares at him.

MINSK
You're jealous. Of me and Helen.

RICHARD
Mr Minsk, I'm really...

MINSK
Well, let me tell you something...she's more woman than you could ever handle, so I'm telling you -- back off, or I'll do it for you.

RICHARD
(resistance is useless)
Yes, sir.

Richard turns to go.

MINSK
Oh, and Jacks -- until further notice you'll be working under Ms Hyde.

RICHARD
What!?

MINSK
She's wasted as a secretary, her work's brilliant, Unterveldt likes the idea of a woman working on her scent anyway, and with Pete's accident we need another senior chemist working on the project.

Richard stares at him.

RICHARD
What accident?

CUT TO:

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

Pete stares at Richard, his face a flambe red.

== Script Fly.com ==

PETE
I'm telling you, Richard, she did it.

Richard stares back at him.

RICHARD
(uneasy)
You don't know that for sure...

PETE
I left her alone with the bottle.

RICHARD
It was an experimental fragrance, maybe it was the solution you used.

PETE
That's your littlehead talking, Richard, think with your bighead.

He slaps Richard on the side of the head.

PETE
She's a frigging psychopath, and she'll kill anyone who gets in her way.

He marches away, SLAMMING the door behind him. Richard stares after him for a moment then notices a CIGARETTE BUTT in his ashtray, ringed with lipstick.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP: A SCALPEL

as it shaves a sliver of lipstick off the butt.

WIDER - LABORATORY - DAY

Richard drops the sample into an electron microscope and turns it on, the computer image enhancer KICKING into life. Richard watches, intrigued, as it forms a graphic analysis -- slowly forming into a chain of mixed XX and XY chromosomes, every few seconds another chromosome SNAPPING onto the end of the chain.

RICHARD
(horrified)
The unstable gene -- it's come back...

He grabs up his small tape recorder and snaps it on.

== Script Fly.com ==

RICHARD
Something's gone wrong with the experiment -- for the first transformation the unstable gene was neutralized, Helen Hyde, my estrogen-induced alter ego, behaved in a social, non-aggressive way...

He stares back at the screen.

RICHARD
But somehow the unstable gene has reverted, and the effect of it's isolation in my female form is somehow to make it stronger with each new transformation.

He snaps off the recorder, stares off at the lab.

RICHARD
Somehow I have to stop her.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Richard stands in his underwear, handcuffing himself to the top of his bed then hiding the key in a book on the table.

RICHARD
First, I restrict her movements, stop her hurting anyone else.

He points s CAMCORDER REMOTE CONTROL across the room at an air-conditioning vent.

ANGLE -- THE VENT

and the hidden camera FLICKING on inside.

RICHARD
Then, I record the transformation.

Richard drops the remote down the back of the bed then sits down on the mattress.

RICHARD
But first, I wait.

There's a beat then he hears the sound of the FRONT DOOR opening.

SARAH (OS)
Hello, Richard?

Richard FREEZES.

== Script Fly.com ==

INT. LIVING ROOM -- SAME

Sarah is standing in the living room with Larry.

LARRY
You sure you want to do this?

SARAH
I have to know, Larry.

INT. BEDROOM

Richard is struggling with the cuffs, desperately tugging and pulling. He strains his neck towards the book where he hid the key and just manages to open the cover with his teeth but when he finally gets the key between his lips it suddenly DROPS behind the bed.

As he gets down on his hands and knees the door OPENS and Sarah stands there staring at him.

Richard grins sheepishly back at her.

RICHARD
Hi...

Larry shakes his head as Sarah stares first at the handcuffs then his underpants

SARAH
(full of pity)
How did you ever get like this?

RICHARD
Sarah, it's not what it seems, really, I can explain everything...

She walks across to the wardrobe and slides open the door revealing HELEN'S CLOTHES hanging inside.

SARAH
(sad)
You were right, Larry.

LARRY
Shall I leave you two alone?

SARAH
No, I can't bear to see him like this.

RICHARD
Sarah, please, I really can explain this.

She notices the key on the carpet, picks it up and pushes it into the cuffs.

== Script Fly.com ==

SARAH
Get some help, Richard. Please. Before it's too late.

Then she turns and walks out of the room with Larry. Richard desperately tries to turn the key with his mouth, finally succeeds and dashes out after them.

INT. LIVING ROOM

As he reaches the door Richard is suddenly gripped by the spasm of the next TRANSFORMATION. He falls to the floor, GROANING, as we...

CUT TO:

INT. LAB -- DAY -- LATER

Valerie glances up as Helen walks into the lab.

VALERIE
Er, Helen, could I have a word?

HELEN
Of course, Valerie.

Valerie glances about then pulls her into Richard's office.

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE -- SAME

VALERIE
I just wanted to say how pleased I was about your promotion, and that...well, I don't normally like speaking behind peoples' backs but you've been so supportive of Dr Jacks and I think you deserve to know he's plotting against you.

HELEN
Really?

VALERIE
He arranged a meeting for you for this afternoon, with Minsk and Dubois, to present your choice for the Unterveldt fragrance. He knew you wouldn't be ready.

Helen takes this in for a moment.

HELEN
Thank you, Valerie. And if you're interested, I'd like to have you come and work for me when my office gets set up.

== Script Fly.com ==

VALERIE
That'd be a great pleasure, Ms Hyde.

Valerie beams back at her then turns and leaves.

HELEN
You wanted a fight, Jacks? I'm going to give you a war.

She immediately scans the racks full of perfume vials and starts smelling them. She seems to know her way around.

HELEN
Now where'd he leave it?

Finally she picks up one marked "SENSUAL".

HELEN
There it is...always had potential -- Jacks just never recognized it.

She starts sifting through all Richard's computer files, finally finding the box marked "Perfume Formulae 1991", and in it the disk marked "SENSUAL".

She takes it, slips it into her pocket then taps out a command on the keyboard, and to the question -- "Do you want to erase all files on the hard disk?" she smiles and presses "Y".

The screen immediately goes blank. As she gets up the door is suddenly SLAMMED OPEN and a good-looking YOUNG MAN stands there, staring angrily across at her. This is DAVID SPITZ.

SPITZ
You took my job!

VALERIE
I'm sorry, Helen, I couldn't stop him.

HELEN
That's alright, Valerie, I'll handle this.

Valerie nods, ducks out.

SPITZ
I'm David Spitz! I'm supposed to be Dr Jack's new assistant!

Helen's mind immediately starts to hum.

HELEN
(concerned)
Really? Nobody told me.

== Script Fly.com ==

SPITZ
Well, lemme tell you who I'm going to tell, lady -- everybody!

HELEN
David, calm down, please...there's no need for that.

She walks across to him, puts on one of her smiles.

HELEN
Why don't we have a drink, discuss this like adults?

SPITZ
Because I don't want a drink, I want my job back!

Helen obviously doesn't like being rebuffed like this.

HELEN
(trying to stay polite)
And I'm going to make sure you get it. I'll have a word with Mr Minsk and Dr Jacks, and when I've sorted everything out I'll give you a call.

David looks back at her for a moment.

SPITZ
I'll give you 24 hours. If I haven't heard anything by then I'm going to the Union, and I'll be naming you.

He glares at her a moment longer then walks out.

INT. MINSK'S OFFICE -- LATE AFTERNOON

DUBOIS and MINSK sit at a long table across from Helen. Minsk can't help winking at her which Dubois immediately notices.

DUBOIS
(clears his throat)
Etonne moi. Astonish me. Shock me. Fascinate me. Delight me.

HELEN
It'll be my pleasure.

She flicks off the top of the scent vial with one hand and passes it quickly under Dubois's nostrils. The famous nostrils twitch as they consider.

== Script Fly.com ==

DUBOIS
Hmm, reminds me of something Jacks worked on once.

UNDER THE TABLE

we see Helen's STOCKINGED FOOT sliding higher and higher towards the top of Dubois's thigh.

A SMILE spread across his face.

DUBOIS
But better. Mon Dieu. This is wonderful...

Minsk looks delighted.

DUBOIS
(hoarse whisper)
Sublime...Mmmmh.

MINSK
It's that good? Do you think we're there?

DUBOIS
(in Heaven)
Almost.

HELEN
(to Minsk)
So, Oliver, can we call Marketing and Design?

MINSK
Um, that may be a little premature.

UNDER THE TABLE

Helen's foot now makes the same journey up Minsk's thigh.

MINSK begins to smile in the same brainless way.

MINSK
But on the other hand, Pierre, why don't you go brief Marketing now.

DUBOIS
No. You go.

BENEATH THE TABLE

both groins are being massaged.

MINSK
It's your job.

== Script Fly.com ==

DUBOIS
(pissed)
Very well.

As he gets up he gathers some papers uses them to shield his groin as he walks rather awkwardly out of the room. As soon as the door is closed Minsk lunges at Helen.

MINSK
You're a genius. We can be back in my place in fifteen minutes.

Suddenly the door opens and in walks the TYRANNICAL FIGURE we saw in the bedside photographs at Minsk's house. This is MRS MINSK.

MINSK
(appalled)
Darling. Um, er, this is...
(turning to Helen)
Hilary? No, Helen, who is happily married and has just joined our company...um, and how was your mother?

Mrs Minsk glares at Helen then back at her husband.

MRS MINSK
(very frosty)
Fine. She's waiting in the car. We're taking her for dinner.

MINSK
Oh, well actually I was sort of...

MRS MINSK
(cutting him off)
Come along.

Then she hauls him out of the room.

INT. OMAGE LOBBY -- LATER

As the elevator doors open and Helen walks out Dubois is waiting for her.

DUBOIS
You know, Helen, I have to say, you are a very mysterious woman.

HELEN
(smiles)
Thank you for noticing, Pierre.

DUBOIS
In every department. Especially Personnel.

== Script Fly.com ==

Helen's jaw tightens.

DUBOIS
Forgive me but I took the liberty of checking your file -- after all, we are considering you for a major position.

HELEN
(seductive)
Oh, I'm very good at major positions. I've held several.

DUBOIS
Like Givenchy? I'm afraid they've never heard of you. Nor have the IRS. No social security number. No driver's license. Of course, I can be the soul of discretion...

He gives her a pregnant stare.

HELEN
(perfectly relaxed)
Then why don't I come back and help you fill in the gaps?

He smiles. It's what he wanted to hear.

HELEN
But this must be our little secret. I'll meet you at your place.

As they walk out of the building the SECURITY GUARD watches them disappear in opposite directions.

CUT TO:

INT. DUBOIS'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT -- LATER

Dubois, in his underwear, is tied to a chair. Helen is poised opposite him in incredibly sexy lingerie.

HELEN
Now for a taste of your own medicine, you hairy little frog. How would you like it if the only way you could get ahead was by giving it?

DUBOIS
(urgent)
Yes! Punish me! I've been a naughty, naughty garcon!

HELEN
You think I'm joking?

== Script Fly.com ==

She reaches for her purse and pulls out...AN ATOMIZER of "Charlie" perfume.

DUBOIS
Not Charlie...please!

He twists his head away. But she sprays the air in front of him. He writhes, coughs, laughs.

HELEN
There's more.

Helen produces a bottle of "White Shoulders".

DUBOIS
No, No! You're inhuman!!

She holds it under his nose.

DUBOIS
Aarrggh!

INT. DUBOIS'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

FROM THE POV of someone looking up through the drain of the bath-tub into the tub, we see at first simply light amber liquid...

...into which floats DUBOIS'S DROWNED FACE, eyes bulging.

ANGLE -- DUBOIS

floating face down in his tub, wearing only underwear, surrounded by floating empty bottles of cheap perfume.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Richard slowly comes round, naked apart from Helen's lingerie, lying face down in front of the tv. He groans then looks about, noticing the VIDEO TAPE lying beside him, the name RICHARD scrawled across the label.

He frowns, pushes it into the VCR.

HELEN

immediately snaps onto the screen, smiling back at him.

HELEN
And so, sweet Richard, we meet at last.

Richard's eyes widen.

== Script Fly.com ==

RICHARD
My God...

HELEN
I guess I am a pretty incredible sight.

The camera PULLS AWKWARDLY BACK revealing Helen's whole figure.

RICHARD
It's a complete metabolic transformation.

HELEN
I decided to take pity on you, Richard. Your pathetic attempts to stop me will only make things worse for you in the end, so let me just explain three things. First, I've got rid of the rest of the formula...

Richard stares round at his desk, and the empty flask.

HELEN
Second, as you can see, I've burnt your notebooks and destroyed all your computer files -- you now have no access to the formula at all.

Richard stares back at the screen.

HELEN
And third, I am becoming stronger with each transformation, retaining control longer...it's just a matter of time before I take over completely. So do yourself a favor, Richard, and don't make me have to really hurt you. Just get into bed, turn off the lights, and give in.

With a smile Helen reaches up and snaps off the camera, the screen going to STATIC.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE -- DAY

Richard sits in front of his PC, examining a computer graphic bar-chart. It shows three bars marked 'first change', 'second change' and 'third change'. The first bar shows a large blue area titled, "Time as Me", and a small pink area, "Time as Helen". The second bar shows a larger pink area. The third one larger still.

== Script Fly.com ==

RICHARD
Jesus, she's right, she is taking over. I'm disappearing.

He turns, stares round the office.

RICHARD
But why did she destroy the formula?
(thinks for a moment)
It must be because it contains a way back, a way of controlling the changes.

He looks across at the scent vials, and all their flowery names, and suddenly remembers.

RICHARD
Wait a minute, I saved the formula onto the "Sensual" file!

He grabs the disk box by the computer, rummages through it, then looks in his drawers, on the shelves but there's no sign.

INT. OMAGE CONFERENCE ROOM -- SAME

Minsk sits across from MRS UNTERVELDT and her EXECUTIVES. They each have a sample atomizer of perfume in front of them.

MRS UNTERVELDT
Pierre isn't coming either?

MINSK
He hasn't called. But I'm sure he'll be here.

MRS UNTERVELDT
Let me get this straight, you're about to present your ultimate fragrance and neither your head chemist nor the woman who invented it are going to show?

MINSK
(struggling)
Um, because we're...confident this one speaks for itself.

Suddenly the door opens and Richard marches in.

MINSK
(relieved)
Richard.

MRS UNTERVELDT
Well, thank God somebody decided to show up.

== Script Fly.com ==

RICHARD
That perfume is a fraud...it's not Helen's at all, it's mine, and I need access to her office now to retrieve all my data!

MINSK
What?!

MRS UNTERVELDT
That's it, I'm leaving...

MINSK
(barks)
Mrs Unterveldt, you will wait there!

Mrs Unterveldt freezes, shocked.

MINSK
(to his executives)
Get Jacks out and lock him up somewhere till I finish here.

RICHARD
Wait! You don't understand!

Struggling, the other executives haul him out. Finally Minsk stares back at Mrs Unterveldt.

MINSK
(clears his throat)
In a...creative environment, you often get...very...creative...situations.
(gestures at the atomizers)
Please...spray.

Mrs Unterveldt stares back at him for a moment then sprays and sniffs. All her executives do the same then turn to watch for her reaction.

MRS UNTERVELDT
(beat)
Now <u>this</u> was created by a real woman.

Minsk can hardly hide his delight.

MINSK
You mean...you like it?

MRS UNTERVELDT
I <u>love</u> it! We're in business, Minsk. Next meeting's with marketing to discuss the launch.

== Script Fly.com ==

INT. CORRIDOR -- MINUTES LATER

A security guard lets Richard out of a side office and he is immediately faced with Minsk.

MINSK
You little prick! You nearly blew the whole thing!

RICHARD
Sir, you don't understand, she's dangerous, we've got to stop her.

MINSK
The only thing that's dangerous round here, Jacks, is your world class incompetence! You're just jealous. Who'd have thought of putting chocolate, in a perfume...

RICHARD
I did, months ago...'Sensual' is an old prototype of mine, and now I need my research disks back, sir...urgently.

MINSK
The only thing you're gonna be getting back urgently is a kick up the ass if you don't stop with these crazy stories about Helen! Listen to me, you butthead, she gets results. Now you'd better start getting some results too or you're on the street!

With that he turns and storms away. Richard stares after him for a moment then we...

CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE -- DAY

Larry stands with Sarah on the edge of the site.

SARAH
I can't just cut him off, Larry...I loved him...I think maybe I still love him.

LARRY
You love an old idea of him, Sarah, an idea that isn't true anymore. Do you really think you could look the ogre of his perversity in the face and still have his hands on your body?

She looks at him. A beat.

== Script Fly.com ==

SARAH
Well...that's putting it very melodramatically, Larry. I mean, you said yourself transvestitism wasn't that uncommon, and maybe if I helped him he could get over it.

LARRY
(shakes his head)
It's very, very unusual for anyone to ever get over it. You'd have to accept it as part of your relationship, and as your friend I really couldn't recommend that.

She looks back at him for a moment.

SARAH
But I've got to try.

CUT TO:

INT. MINSK'S OFFICE -- DAY

Minsk is at his desk talking to two COPS, a large woman called CARSON and her bone thin partner, FRANCO.

CARSON
According to security, Mr Dubois and Miss Hyde didn't leave the building together.

FRANCO
And you were with Mrs Minsk all night?

MINSK
Sadly. What is this?

FRANCO
Homicide.

MINSK
You mean Pierre's...?

FRANCO
Drowned. Last night in his apartment.

CARSON
What exactly was your working relationship, sir?

MINSK
He was my head chemist. Oh dear God, we have a major launch coming up, please keep your investigations discreet. I don't even want the staff to know.

== Script Fly.com ==

CARSON
They have to.

FRANCO
One of them probably already does.
Anyone Dubois had pissed off in some way?
Had a difficult relationship.

Minsk thinks for a moment.

MINSK
Well, there's...Jacks I suppose.
Everyone has a difficult relationship
with him. But surely not...?

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Richard is GROANING and MOANING as he convulses with the next transformation.

INT. APARTMENT CORRIDOR -- SAME

Sarah stops outside Richard's door and is about to knock when she hears the NOISES coming from inside. She frowns, listening, as the MOANS become more intense, and gradually higher and higher pitched.

HELEN (OS)
Oh, yes, oh yes, oh yeeeessss!!!!

The hurt hits Sarah like an ice pick to the heart. She steps back, horrified for a moment, then tries the door and finding it unlocked, pushes it open.

INT. APARTMENT -- SAME

The first thing she sees are RICHARD'S CLOTHES scattered across the living room floor. She fights back the tears as HELEN walks through from the bathroom, wearing just her underwear.

SARAH
Oh my God...

Helen looks at her for a moment then begins to smile, completely unmoved, as she starts to dress.

SARAH
You lied to me...

== Script Fly.com ==

HELEN
(smiles)
Well, what did you honestly expect? Anyone as naive as you deserves everything they get.

The anger boils up in Sarah.

SARAH
You conniving bitch! You take me to lunch, you kiss my ass, and all the time you're sharing a bed with my low-life, waste of space boyfriend!

HELEN
You wanna stay, sob on the sofa a little, be my guest. I've got a life to lead.

And with that she walks out. Sarah stares round the apartment for a moment then she SCREAMS once and walks out too.

CUT TO:

INT. MINSK'S OFFICE -- EVENING

Helen climbs off Minsk, still lying on the floor, gasping for breath after what looks like a monumental lovemaking session. She lights a cigarette, glances down at him.

HELEN
Now let's talk about my stock, Oliver.

Minsk props himself up on his elbow.

MINSK
Darling, if it were up to me it'd be different. But if Wall Street sees that many shares changing hands...

HELEN
You got your perfume, Oliver, now I want my reward. Find some expense claims that add up to seven figures.

MINSK
Don't be ridiculous.

She pushes him back down with one of her high heels.

HELEN
Then you'd better make sure your wife never answers the phone or opens her mail.

Minsk looks up at her like a whipped dog.

== Script Fly.com ==

INT. CORRIDOR -- SAME

Pete is standing by the door to Minsk's office, listening to their conversation.

HELEN (OS)
And another thing. I want Richard Jacks fired. Nobody lets him near that lab again or you'll have me to answer for.

As the sound of MOVEMENT filters out, Pete hurries away.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP -- RICHARD'S ANSWERING MACHINE -- LATER

as Pete's voice filters out.

PETE (OS)
(on the machine)
...Helen's got Minsk wrapped round his little finger. If we don't stop her nothing will, Richard. Meet me tonight, in the company parking lot. Ten o'clock.

WIDER -- RICHARD'S APARTMENT

Helen flicks off the machine then smiles to herself.

HELEN
My pleasure.

CUT TO:

PETE

standing on the top floor of the PARKING STRUCTURE, smoking a nervous cigarette, as he suddenly turns, at the sound of an engine, to see

RICHARD'S CAR

barreling towards him at a hundred miles an hour

KEEERRRUUUNCCHHHH!!!

Pete is lifted up onto the hood, accelerated towards the wall, then as Helen slams on the brakes, he goes FLYING OVER THE EDGE into the darkness.

Helen sits there for a moment, smiling then she suddenly begins to JOLT and SHUDDER.

HELEN
Shit...

== Script Fly.com ==

INT. RICHARD'S CAR -- MINUTES LATER

Helen is still jolting back and forth as she pulls up in a very dubious part of town and staggers out of the car.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP -- RICHARD

looking much worse for wear, nodding off again, and as his head falls sideways it suddenly CRACKS against an IRON BAR waking him with a nasty start.

WIDER -- THE JAIL CELL -- DAY

that Richard is slumped in is obviously some kind of nighttime holding tank. A number of HARD-LOOKING PRISONERS stare back at him.

Richard glances down and notices that he is still wearing Helen's clothes. He swallows hard.

CONVICT
Why don't you come and sit over here?

The HUGE MAN pats the bench beside him. Richard stares back at him for a moment then leaps up and starts SCREAMING FOR HELP.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD'S KITCHEN -- DAY -- LATER

In a robe, Richard, more haggard than ever, makes himself a cup of coffee. He goes to the refrigerator for some milk, opens the door.

RICHARD
AAAAARRRRGGGGHHHH!!!

Stuffed into the otherwise empty refrigerator is the body of DAVID SPITZ. Richard slams the door, gasping for breath then notices the VIDEO TAPE on the kitchen table with his name once again scrawled across it,

He slams it into the VCR and watches as HELEN once again appears on the screen.

== Script Fly.com ==

HELEN
I warned you, Richard but you wouldn't listen. So now there's another body that's going to get pinned on you. Of course by the time they have enough to arrest you, you'll have vanished anyway and the police will just assume you disappeared, skipped town to avoid being caught.

The doorbell RINGS and Richard immediately snaps off the tape.

INT. HALLWAY BY DOOR -- SAME

Richard nervously opens the door to see FRANCO and CARSON holding up their badges.

FRANCO
Detectives Franco and Carson, Homicide.

Richard goes white as a sheet.

RICHARD
Why? Has somebody, er...died?

CARSON
Yeah. Happens a lot with homicides. Let's talk.

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Richard, nervous beyond belief. leans up against the refrigerator talking to Franco and Carson.

FRANCO
Your boss gave us the impression that you and Mr Dubois didn't always see eye to eye.

RICHARD
No...well...sometimes.

Carson and Franco glance at one another.

FRANCO
So where were you the night before last?

RICHARD
I, er...well, I wasn't in. I was, er, out. And about.

FRANCO
Can anyone vouch for that?

== Script Fly.com ==

RICHARD
There's always me.

CARSON
You're gonna have to do better than that.

FRANCO
Mmm, that coffee smells good.

RICHARD
Help yourself.

Carson pours himself some coffee then moves towards the refrigerator for some milk.

FRANCO
You got any milk?

RICHARD
(throwing himself in front of the fridge)
No! I'm fresh out. In fact I never have milk in the house on principle. I'm a total vegetarian. A vegan in fact. No milk. Ever. At all.

Carson stops chewing his gum and turns to the trashcan.

ANGLE -- THE CAN

as he steps on the pedal. An empty milk carton sits on top of the trash.

RICHARD
Apart from <u>that</u> milk. That was a gift. From a friend. Who didn't know I was that kind of vegetarian.

The cops exchange another glance.

FRANCO
Would you say that you and Ms Hyde were close?

RICHARD
Why?

CARSON
Just answer the question.

RICHARD
We have a lot in common.

The fridge door SPRINGS OPEN but Richard manages to shove it closed again before the body can fall out.

== Script Fly.com ==

RICHARD
Now I really must get to work. Hope you enjoyed the coffin...coffee.

FRANCO
(beat)
We'll be in touch.

CUT TO:

INT. OMAGE PARKING LOT -- DAY

Richard pulls to a halt and switches off the engine, immediately picking up his tape recorder.

RICHARD
If my calculations are correct, the next transformation will be at 1.58pm Eastern Standard Time. Somehow I have to retrieve the "Sensual" file and my copy of the formula, and find some way of reversing the process.

INT. OMAGE LOBBY -- DAY

Richard rushes in but he is stopped by the SECURITY GUARD, BILL.

BILL
I'm sorry, sir, I've been instructed not to let you in.

RICHARD
What? Why?

BILL
(embarrassed)
Well, you know, it's policy when they let people go...

RICHARD
They've fired me?!

BILL
You didn't know?

Richard looks devastated.

BILL
I'm sorry, sir. I knew things must be looking bad for you when I heard Ms Hyde was presenting to the big enchilada.

RICHARD
When?

== Script Fly.com ==

BILL
This morning, ten o'clock.

There's a flicker of defiance in Richard's eyes. He looks at his watch. It's 1.35pm.

RICHARD
Bill, I've left some very personal stuff upstairs. You can give me half an hour, can't you?

Bill looks back at him for a moment, then nods.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Minsk is greeting Mrs Unterveldt and her executives.

MRS UNTERVELDT
Where the hell is Dubois this time?

MINSK
He passed on....
(as he notices Unterveldt's eyes widen)
Passed on the meeting, I mean, because we're so busy.

MRS UNTERVELDT
And where is the elusive Ms Hyde?

MINSK
Well, she's....on her way, stuck in traffic...I think.

MRS UNTERVELDT
We particularly wanted her present today because my marketing people have come up with a potentially brilliant idea.

Two of her executives smile smugly.

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE -- SAME

We immediately notice that it's much larger than Richard's, and much more expensively furnished. Richard is working through all the drawers and files.

RICHARD
Where the hell is that disk?

== Script Fly.com ==

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

MRS UNTERVELDT
As you know our original idea was for a fragrance that would sum up the ambitious but softer-edged career woman of the nineties -- Katie Couric was to have been our celebrity spokeswoman.

MINSK
(gesturing with his hand)
"Katie", by Omage, I like it...

MRS UNTERVELDT
But market research indicated more women wanted to smell like Bryant Gumbel and spend an evening with Willard Scott, so we scrapped those plans.

She reaches for a large presentation folder.

MRS UNTERVELDT
Then Helen walked into our lives, and suddenly everything seemed clear.

Mrs Unterveldt unveils a large, mock-up bottle of "HELEN" perfume. Minsk stares at it. A long beat.

MRS UNTERVELDT
Well?

Suddenly the phone in front of Minsk RINGS and he rather stiffly picks it up.

MINSK
Right...excellent.
(hanging up)
Perfect timing. Helen just arrived, would like us to meet her in her office. Apparently she has a surprise.

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE

Richard is delightedly removing his clothes, item by item, and feeding them into a shredder.

RICHARD
And this is one surprise Helen Hyde is never going to recover from.

Finally Richard sits buck naked in an armchair. He scrawls all over himself in marker pen, messages like: "I slept with Minsk and Dubois", "Unterveldt has a mustache"...He checks his watch.

== Script Fly.com ==

RICHARD
(grins)
Five seconds and Helen's gonna walk into a world of pain.

He looks at his nails. No change. Then back at his watch. Then back at his nails. Still no change.

RICHARD
Come on, come on...

Still nothing. Suddenly he's no longer smiling.

THE DOOR OPENS

Minsk leads Mrs Unterveldt and her retinue into the office which appears to be empty until he shuts the door. Richard is suddenly revealed naked and graffittied, covering his groin with a desk diary.

A terrible silence, and then as the MUSIC begins to build we...

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS

snatched images of Helen's upward spiral to stardom, CHATTING with MADONNA at some showbiz party, LAUGHING with MONTEL WILLIAMS on his show, playing BUTT-BONGO with HOWARD STERN, KISSING the SHAQ at an Orlando-Knicks game, and finally BEING PHOTOGRAPHED for the cover of VANITY FAIR, dressed as a PERFUME BOTTLE.

And as the music FADES DOWN, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BILLBOARD - DAY

A PICTURE OF HELEN

stares down at us with the slogan - "Who is Helen"?

ANGLE - A HUGE PILE OF GARBAGE

ready for collection, as a low MOANING filters out. Slowly Richard struggles out of it, dressed in a woman's business suit.

He squints up at the billboard.

RICHARD
Oh no.

Richard spots a newsstand further down the street.

== Script Fly.com ==

EXT. NEWS STAND

Helen's face is featured on the covers of every woman's magazine, Cosmo, Elle, Vogue, etc.

RICHARD
(grabbing the vendor)
What day is it?

PAPER MAN
Thursday -- the fourteenth, man, now back off.

He pushes Richard away.

RICHARD
Jesus Christ. I've been out for two weeks!! She's nearly won.

He races off down the street.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - EVENING

Sarah and Larry, obviously a couple now by the proprietorial way he has his arm around her shoulders, are chatting to an OLDER COUPLE at a very soignée drinks party. They turn as there's a COMMOTION and Richard bursts into the room still wearing the dog-eared women's clothes.

LARRY
Oh my god...

RICHARD
Sarah, I have to talk to you.

LARRY
Somebody call the police.

SARAH
I have nothing to say to you, Richard.

RICHARD
Just give me five minutes.

SARAH
I'm not giving you anything!! Being helpless in the face of sexual perversion is one thing, but getting laid by your assistant? Over and over again? In our bed?

The other guests look increasingly shocked.

== Script Fly.com ==

SARAH
I despise you.

LARRY
(to Richard)
Look, why don't we wait for the police outside?

Richard immediately SWINGS at Larry, knocking him to the floor.

RICHARD
Sarah, you don't understand. I am Helen.

The partygoers stare at him.

RICHARD
Great grandfather's formula, I drank it, Helen is my dark side.

Larry gets up, holding his nose, which is bleeding slightly.

LARRY
My nose...it's bleeding.

He faints at the realization and keels out of frame.

SARAH
You really have gone crazy, haven't you?

RICHARD
It's true, Sarah. And she's going to take over completely unless somebody helps me stop her!

TWO COPS now push into the party.

RICHARD
Sarah, please !

Sarah looks away as the police haul him out.

CUT TO:

INT. RICHARD'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Richard's standing by the sink staring at the TV.

ANGLE - THE SCREEN - HELEN'S NEW VIDEO

flicks onto MTV, an upbeat dance version of "I am Woman".

The video dissolves to an AFTERNOON CHAT SHOW.

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CHAT SHOW HOST
That's the new video from a young lady who's been grabbing a lot of press attention since she started dating Mr Donald Trump a few weeks back...Ladies, and gentleman...Ms Helen Hyde...

The audience APPLAUDS enthusiastically as Helen walks on, looking ravishing.

CHAT SHOW HOST
So, the two week marriage to Montel Williams is behind you, the Donald is with you, and Friday's the big day -- the launch of your new perfume...

HELEN
You can't keep a good woman down.

CHAT SHOW HOST
Million dollar endorsement deals, billionaire boyfriends, and a suite in the Plaza. Where next for Helen Hyde?

HELEN
The White House, with the first man.

Richard snaps off the TV and stares down at the kitchen knives standing in a block by the sink. He takes out the largest knife, turns on the hot faucet and rolls up his left sleeve.

RICHARD
Now I know why my great grandfather had to do this.

Trembling, he lowers his bare arm into the water, holds the kitchen knife over his wrists...and cuts. But it really hurts. He stops immediately.

RICHARD
Ow!

He runs cold water over his wrist and reaches for some Band-aids.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

Richard is standing on the very top of the vast building staring down at the stomach turning drop.

RICHARD
Now there's no turning back.

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He makes a move to jump, then stops himself.

RICHARD
Fate has willed I take my own life so that others may live in peace and security.

Once more he bends as if to jump. Once more he stops himself.

RICHARD
It's the least I can do to atone for the sin of pulling back the same dark shroud as my ill-fated ancestor.

This time he bends and seems to really mean it. An agonizing beat.

MAN OS
Excuse me, pal.

A WINDOW CLEANER

has appeared in an AUTOMATED GONDOLA a little way along from where Richard is standing.

MAN
Thinking of jumping?

RICHARD
No...no, I was just...taking some air.

MAN
Right, right...
(gazes round)
Well, if you change your mind, decide to jump, you'll want to take the wind into account.

RICHARD
What?

MAN
The wind. Architectural oddity of this building.

RICHARD
(irritated now)
I'm actually trying to collect my thoughts here, so if you wouldn't mind...

MAN
See, the wind funnels down the street there, hits the bottom of the building then blows straight up the side, tends to throw jumpers in through the windows about fifteen floors down.

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RICHARD
Thank you, I'll take that into account.

MAN
Right...

He begins to lower the gondola.

MAN
Have a nice night, then.

RICHARD
You too.

The man's almost disappeared from view.

MAN
Gotta jump out is the key...push off.

Richard looks away and a second later the man is gone.

CLOSE UP - RICHARD

as he stares down.

RICHARD
Goodbye, Sarah.

A single tear SQUEEZES from his eyes. Then he takes a breath...

AND JUMPS

INT. BUILDING

We rush from floor to floor as RICHARD'S BODY plummets past, until suddenly, with a terrible SHATTERING OF GLASS, he's blown through the windows fifteen floors down and lies gasping and bleeding on the carpet. Slowly he looks around.

RICHARD
Why is it everything I touch turns to shit?

Then he notices it.

THE SECURITY CAMERA

mounted on the ceiling.

CUT TO:

INT. OMAGE LOBBY - NIGHT

Bill, the security guard, is apologizing to Richard.

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BILL
I'm sorry, sir, but even if the tape was here, I couldn't help you.

RICHARD
Where are the security tapes kept then?

BILL
They all go to the archives, sir.

EXT. SECURICARE BUILDING - NIGHT

Richard pulls up in his car, climbs out and runs inside.

INT. SECURICARE - SAME

At a counter ANOTHER GUARD stares back at Richard.

GUARD
There's no way I can give you a bonded tape without authorization, sir.

Richard looks back at him.

RICHARD
This is hopeless.

GUARD
For less than fifty bucks.

Richard stares at him for a moment then pulls a couple of bills from his pocket.

RICHARD
Omage building, Park Avenue. I need the morning of the nineteenth, B Lab camera.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The door opens. Richard's head sticks out, looks left and right to check nobody's there.

Then he comes out, dragging a large, very heavy trunk. He loads it into the back of his car and takes off.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PLAZA - NIGHT

Richard's car pulls up.

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INT. LOBBY

Richard is talking to the CONCIERGE.

CONCIERGE
I'm sorry, sir, Ms Hyde's away at the moment, you'll have to leave any deliveries with us.

Richard shows his old "Omage" card.

RICHARD
I have some highly confidential scent samples. Ms Hyde wanted them delivered straight to her suite.

CONCIERGE
(reading the card)
Of course, Dr Jacks.

The concierge hands him a key.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Richard enters the enormous suite, pulling in the trunk on the hotel dolly. He opens the largest closet. As he expected there's a huge pile of suitcases and trunks. He pulls them out, drags his trunk to the back of the closet, then piles the other bags around it.

He goes across to the desk in the room and starts rifling through the contents.

CLOSE UP - A BOX OF COMPUTER DISKS

He finds what he's looking for.

ANGLE - "THE SENSUAL DISK"

RICHARD
Back in the game.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Larry is examining his nose in the mirror. It's half-covered with a rather large BAND-AID.

LARRY
(calling out)
I think it's going to be okay now, sweetheart.

He switches from one profile to another and back again.

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LARRY
Yeah, I definitely think we can relax.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sarah is staring out of the window, preoccupied as Larry walks in.

LARRY
There's a little residual bruising around the bridge but I definitely don't think anything's broken...
(notices she isn't listening)
Sarah?

SARAH
Hm?

LARRY
I was talking to you about my nose.

She immediately loses interest, looks away again.

SARAH
Oh.

LARRY
(irritated)
Oh? That's it? Oh?

SARAH
Richard looked terrible last night, didn't he?

LARRY
Richard looked terrible? What about me?

SARAH
What about you?

LARRY
He hit me, he damn near broke my nose!

SARAH
Your nose is fine.
(glances at her watch)
I'm gonna go and see him.

As she says it the doorbell RINGS.

LARRY
You are not going to see him.

SARAH
It's none of your business.

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LARRY
He's my brother, and you're my girlfriend, and I'm telling you it isn't going to happen.

Sarah stares at him.

SARAH
Screw you, Larry.

Larry unlocks the door, turning round to stare back at her.

LARRY
What did you say?

The door is immediately SLAMMED OPEN, straight into Larry's face, as Richard marches in.

RICHARD
I know you think I'm crazy but I can prove it now!

He pulls the SECURITY VIDEO from his pocket.

RICHARD
Watch this tape.

The door swings slowly closed, revealing Larry, flattened against the wall. He reaches slowly up, touches his slightly bleeding nose, then faints out of frame again.

Richard starts slotting the tape into the VCR.

SARAH
Richard, I wish you'd stop going on about this -- I think I want to help you, I think I may even be able to help you, but only if you stop this crazy Jekyll and Hyde thing.

RICHARD
Watch.

He flicks on the video and as Sarah stares at the TV, the ORIGINAL TRANSFORMATION fills the screen.

SARAH
(beat)
Oh my god...

CUT TO:

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INT. RICHARD'S APARTMENT - LATER - DAY

Sarah comes back in with a bag of groceries to find Richard working on his makeshift CHEMISTRY SET which has once again spread to cover the entire living room.

ON A PC - THE FORMULA

is once again glowing on the screen.

RICHARD
Did you get the weedkiller?

SARAH
(unloading the bag)
And the salt.

RICHARD
What?

SARAH
Sodium chloride...

RICHARD
I said sodium chlorate. Never mind, get the baking soda toothpaste from the bathroom...

Sarah disappears into the bathroom and returns with the tube.

SARAH
Will you just explain to me what you're trying to do?

RICHARD
Reverse the process.

SARAH
Why can't **we** just give the formula to you? Why do **we** have to give it to Helen? I thought **she** <u>was</u> you.

RICHARD
The part of **me** that's Helen has a completely different chromosome chain -- we've got to break down that chain directly.

SARAH
Supposing it goes wrong again? Couldn't we end with two of her and none of you?

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RICHARD
(shakes his head)
In the new formula I've switched the estrogen, with testosterone -- the male hormone -- whatever happens Helen'll be history but I may end up looking like Sylvester Stallone and hung like Long Dong Silver.

SARAH
I won't be complaining.

Richard looks at her.

RICHARD
I thought you said size didn't matter.

SARAH
I love you, Richard. I'm sorry for not believing in you but size does matter.

As Richard smiles, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Richard stares at a distillation tube as drops of BLUE FLUID drip into a glass jar.

SARAH
Will it work?

RICHARD
God only knows, but it's all we've got time for. Where are the ropes and handcuffs?

SARAH
In the car.

RICHARD
You'd better go get them, the next transformation's gonna be sometime in the next hour.

But as Sarah gets up Richard is suddenly wracked with the first SPASM of the TRANSFORMATION.

RICHARD
It's starting!

SARAH
You'll have to come with me!

Richard is trying to control the shakes.

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RICHARD
We haven't got time! Give me the keys, I'm going to get as far away as I can -- go to Plan B.

He grabs the keys and disappears out of the apartment.

The moment he's gone Sarah sucks up some of the liquid with a pipette and starts to soak the FILTERS of each cigarette in a pack of Marlboro. Then she takes a TUBE OF LIPSTICK from her handbag.

CUT TO:

EXT. EXHIBITION CENTER - NIGHT

The stretch limos are pulling to a halt outside the center, an army of security guards keeping the sightseers back.

ANGLE - A LOADING DOCK

as Sarah watches the caterers, and costumiers unloading their trucks. She walks across to one and slips on a caterer's jacket. Amongst the frantic activity no-one spots a thing. She grins and takes a box of glasses off one of the trucks and heads for the entrance.

INT. HALLWAY IN EXHIBITION CENTER - NIGHT

Models in extraordinary Fellini/Gaultier costumes wander past Sarah who's making a call from a pay phone.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A uniform cop sticks his head round the squad room door where Franco and Carson are playing cards.

COP
Franco, there's a call for you. Some lady, about the Spitz murder.

INT. EXHIBITION CENTER - NIGHT

Semi-darkness...an enormous audience waits in silence. Suddenly, accompanied by pounding ROCK MUSIC, an amazing laser light show begins.

ANGLE - THE STAGE

as three huge BLACK BOXES rise up from within, then slowly unfold, revealing -

THREE TOWERING PERFUME BOTTLES....

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and in the middle one, is HELEN, gyrating to the music in a tight body stocking. Two other gorgeous models thrash in the other ones.

LASER WRITING - "HELEN - THE ESSENCE OF WOMAN"

The audience goes wild, as Minsk smiles delightedly. Beside him his WIFE scowls.

As the music THUNDERS out, the top of the bottle is lifted away and Helen rises slowly out of the spout.

The music is suddenly cut. The audience stares at her, expectantly. Suddenly she points to one side of the auditorium and with A FLASH OF LIGHT a huge display of food and drink is revealed.

HELEN
Indulge!

The crowd goes wild. Helen smiles out at them. Her moment of triumph has arrived.

CUT TO:

THE RECEPTION

in full swing. HELEN and MINSK are talking to an entranced group of BUYERS and PRESS.

HELEN turns to see SARAH dressed as a waitress offering her drinks and cigarettes. Sarah keeps her head down.

Helen takes one of the cigarettes and Sarah watches in slow motion as she raises it to her lips...until

MINSK

grabs it from her.

MINSK
(whispering)
Bad for the image...

Sarah looks pissed off. Then she sees Helen put her purse on a nearby table and turns to a group of admirers.

Sarah edges to the purse, opens it and takes out a lipstick. She replaces it with an identical one.

Helen turns back, grabbing the purse up. She looks suspiciously at Sarah for a minute then is jostled back into the crowd of admirers.

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MRS UNTERVELDT
Helen, darling, come meet Mr Poussin from Revlon.

We see Sarah watching Helen intently. There's a SCREAM. Sarah looks down and sees she's been pouring boiling coffee into a seated DINER'S lap.

SARAH
Oh my God!

HELEN

dips into her purse as Poussin stares her up and down. As he gives a blatantly seductive look, she brings out the lipstick and twists it. The pink tip "erects".

SARAH

waits with baited breath as Helen raises the lipstick to her mouth....

But yet again it is dashed away, this time by Poussin as he hands her another one.

POUSSIN
We'd like our name on your lips.

Minsk cuts the conversation off by walking across with Helen's coat.

MINSK
Some other time perhaps. Helen, darling, we have a plane to catch.

They cut away through the crowds as Poussin stares after her. Suddenly Sarah rushes up to him carrying a full glass of champagne.

SARAH
(conspiratorial)
Here, give her this. I used to work for her. She's a sucker for sparkling Australian white.

POUSSIN
Oh, thanks.

HELEN

is saying her good-byes with MINSK. POUSSIN interrupts and hands her the glass of wine.

POUSSIN
Helen, one final toast, to see you on your way.

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The rest of the CROWD smiles approvingly and raise their glasses with Poussin...

POUSSIN
To Helen...

CROWD
To Helen!!

ANGLE - THE GLASS

as it touches her lips...suddenly

FRANCO
Helen Hyde, I arrest you for the murder of David Spitz.

FRANCO and CARSON hold up their police badges. Helen puts down her glass. Poussin, Minsk and the others watch, astonished.

MINSK
Please...I'm sorry...there has to be some mistake.

Sarah is despairing too.

SARAH
You can't arrest her yet.

HELEN
(to Sarah)
Who the hell...?

Then she realizes...her eyes narrow. She dips into her purse and takes out a pistol, which she holds to Sarah's head.

MINSK
(to Helen)
Darling?

MRS MINSK
(from across the room - livid)
Darling?!

HELEN
One move and I blow her tiny brain out.

The guests gasp.

BUYER 1
Is this part of the performance? I can never tell with fashion people.

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BUYER 2
I don't think so..

FRANCO
Put the gun down, Ms Hyde.

Ignoring him, Helen backs away, her arm round Sarah's neck, gun at her head.

INT. HALLWAY BY ELEVATOR - NIGHT

GUARDS and POLICE watch helplessly as HELEN forces SARAH into the Mercedes at gun point.

Minsk runs forward.

MINSK
Helen!! What about us?

Helen SHOOTS at him, sending him diving for cover. She slams the car into gear and peels away.

FRANCO and CARSON run for their car. Minsk goes with them.

EXT. EXHIBITION CENTER - NIGHT

Everyone throw themselves out of the way as the Mercedes BURSTS through the barrier onto street level.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Cars skid out of the way as the Mercedes slices through the downtown traffic.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Helen stares across at Sarah.

HELEN
He's never coming back.

A car pulls alongside them - it's Franco and Carson.

SARAH
You're going nowhere...

Helen laughs maniacally and sideswipes the other car. She watches it spin out, careering in a mad three sixty behind them. Sarah looks straight ahead.

SARAH
Oh my God!!

In the split second that Helen's disturbed, Sarah reaches under her seat and pulls out a CAN OF MACE. She sprays it at Helen, but Helen turns her face away and swipes the mace from

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Sarah's hand into the road. As Helen's turned away, Sarah grabs the gun. The two women wrestle for the gun furiously as the car swerves, SMASHING into other cars...

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Two PARAMEDICS are unloading a gurney from an ambulance.

PARAMEDIC
He was trapped behind that parking lot for a month. Lived on grubs. He's one lucky guy.

We realize that the ruined body on the gurney is the semi-conscious PETE.

Suddenly the sound of SCREECHING rubber...the Paramedics turn and leap for cover, leaving the gurney on the road. A split second later, Helen's car SMASHES into Pete's gurney. It rockets down the street, hits the back of a garbage truck. Pete flies up and into the garbage cruncher.

INT. FRANCO'S CAR - NIGHT

Franco, Carson and Minsk close up on the Mercedes again.

MINSK
What's got into her?

CARSON
Perhaps you can tell us. We had a tip-off. Found a body in a trunk in her hotel room.

Minsk looks horrified. They hear a GUNSHOT and see the side window of the Mercedes blow out.

INT. HELEN'S CAR - NIGHT

HELEN and SARAH are still grappling for the gun. But Helen is stronger, and she's bending the gun round dangerously close to Sarah.

With her elbow, Sarah deftly pushes in the cigarette lighter. Helen's almost got the gun aimed at Sarah, when Sarah pulls out the lighter and burns Helen's hand. Helen SCREAMS. Sarah grabs the gun and aims it at her.

HELEN
So shoot...Kill me and you kill him.

Sarah's paralyzed...

INT. FRANCO'S CAR - NIGHT

They can see SARAH'S now got the gun aimed at HELEN'S head.

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CARSON
Why hasn't she stopped?

They see the Mercedes swerve onto the on-ramp to the freeway.

EXT. HELEN'S CAR ON FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Mercedes is on the freeway running alongside the Hudson.

INT. HELEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Sarah has an idea. She sees Helen's purse in the door pocket on Helen's left. Then she aims the gun at Helen's legs.

SARAH
I could blow your leg off. He'd survive.

HELEN
Are you deaf and stupid? He's not coming back.

Sarah suddenly lunges for Helen's PURSE. But as she does, Helen brings her knee up and smashes Sarah's hand against the dashboard, so she drops the gun on the floor. Helen almost loses control of the car as she scrambles for the gun over Sarah. Can Sarah open the purse before Helen gets the pistol?

Sarah opens the purse. But as the car swerves, its contents spill on the floor. The lipstick rolls under the seat.

Sarah tries to reach it. Helen is stamping on her hand and arm with her high heels. Sarah's body is still blocking Helen from getting the gun. Helen tears at Sarah's hair. Sarah SCREAMS...but is determined.

ANGLE: HER FINGERS

inches away from the lipstick under the seat as her SCREAMS continue.

HELEN puts one hand round Sarah's throat. Sarah chokes.

But suddenly she lunges up with the lipstick and stabs at Helen's mouth. She misses, leaving a smear across Helen's face.

INT. FRANCO'S CAR - NIGHT

CARSON
Why didn't she just pull the trigger?

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FRANCO
Women...
(looks at Carson)
Sorry.

INT. HELEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Sarah, using all her strength, forces the lipstick into Helen's mouth. Helen gags. But Sarah's relentless. The car is swerving all over the place.

HELEN
What the hell are you...?

Then she realizes.

HELEN
The formula...

She spits it out, punches Sarah aside, and grabs the gun. Sarah looks at her desperately and as she does one of Helen's breasts DISAPPEARS. Then the other one.

SARAH
Richard!

Helen lunges at her but as she does Sarah grabs the gun. In agony, Helen starts to metamorphose but she fights it every step of the way. One moment her terrifying features come to the fore...then Richard's. It's the final titanic internal struggle...

There's no way Helen/Richard can drive...his/her foot suddenly jams down on the gas pedal.

Sarah desperately steers the runaway car as it rises up a lower level road.

ANGLE -- THE CAR

as sarah loses control.

EXT. BILLBOARD ABOVE FREEWAY AND RIVER - NIGHT

It's one of the huge posters of HELEN. Suddenly her car smashes right through the photo of her face...and crashes down onto the lower freeway, down the bank and SPLASHES into the river.

UNDERWATER

SARAH pulls RICHARD'S limp body towards the surface. As they rise, she rips Helen's clothes off him.

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EXT. FREEWAY OVERLOOKING RIVER - NIGHT

Carson and the others stare at the water. Nobody's come up. Then Sarah and Richard break the surface.

FRANCO
What the hell's he doing there? Did you see him get in the car?

Carson shakes his head.

EXT. RIVER BANK - LATER

Richard and Sarah, wearing police blankets are being questioned by Carson and Franco.

FRANCO
So she stripped you and forced you into the car before the show?

Richard nods. A DIVER approaches them, carrying Helen's clothes.

DIVER
We found these. No body yet. She must be halfway into the Atlantic with that current.

CARSON
Keep looking.

Franco turns back and looks at the shattered billboard with its missing face, and the slogan "Who is Helen".

DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE - TV SCREEN

Richard, five years older now, sits on the couch chatting to a very cloying FEMALE SHOW HOST.

HOST
And so we come to Dr Richard Jacks and Generex, the century's first real wonder drug, a simple pink pill that allows any woman, whatever her medical history, to bear a healthy child. Where did your research come from, Dr Jacks?

RICHARD
Well, from my wife primarily, who supported me through some very difficult times...

The camera PULLS BACK a little to reveal Sarah sitting on the couch beside him.

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RICHARD
And also from a greater understanding of the women around me.

HOST
And what about the woman in you, Dr Jacks?

RICHARD
(glances at Sarah)
We never talk about the woman in me.

HOST
Or about Generex, which is why we decided to bring along just a few of your satisfied customers, to say a personal thank you.
(to the floor manager)
Stan, do you want to...?

The cameras pull EVEN FURTHER BACK now as scores of women walk into the studio, surrounding Richard and Sarah, along with HUNDREDS OF CHILDREN, all of them smiling and healthy.

And as Richard and Sarah begin to smile, we...

FADE OUT.

SCRIPT FLY